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PHÆDRA
AND
HIPPOLITUS.
A
TRAGEDY.

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THE ORDER

AND

HYPOLYTUS

A

TRAGEDY.

By

JOHN DRYDEN

PHÆDRA

AND

HIPPOLITUS.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

QUEEN'S THEATRE

IN THE

HAY-MARKET,

By Her MAJESTY'S Sworn Servants.

By Mr. EDMUND SMITH.

LONDON,

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the *Cross-Keys* between the two *Temple-Gates* in *Fleetstreet*.

THE END

AND

THE POLITICAL

A

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MAY - MARRIAGE

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By Mr. EDWARD SMITH.

LONDON,

Printed for T. BARNARD LINTOTT at the Great Room, No. 1, in the Strand.

T H E
P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

Long has a Race of Heroes fill'd the Stage,
That rant by Note, and through the Gamut rage;
In Songs and Airs express their martial Fire,
Combate in Trills, and in a Fenge expire;
While lull'd by Sound, and undisturb'd by Wit,
Calm and Serene you indolently sit;
And from the dull Fatigue of Thinking free,
Hear the facetious Fiddles Repartie:
Our Home-spun Authors must forsake the Field,
And Shakespear to the soft Scarlatti yield.

To your new Taste the Poet of this Day
Was by a Friend advis'd to form his Play;
Had Valentini, musically coy,
Shun'd Phædra's Arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd Joy,
It had not mov'd your Wonder to have seen
An Eunnuch fly from an enamour'd Queen:
How would it please, should she in English speak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
But he, a Stranger to your Modish Way,
By your old Rules must stand or fall to Day,
And hopes you will your Foreign Taste command,
To bear, for once, with what you understand.

E P I-

T H E
EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

Ladies, to Night your Pity I implore
For One who never troubled you before:
An Oxford Man, extreamly read in Greek,
Who from Eu---ripides makes Phædra speak;
And comes to Town to let us Moderns know
How Women lov'd two thousand Years ago.
If that be all, said I, e'en burn your Play;
I gad we know All That as well as they:
Show us the youthful handsome Charioteer,
Firm in his Seat, and running his Career;
Our Souls wou'd kindle with as gen'rous Flames,
As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian Dames:
Ev'ry Ismena wou'd resign her Breast,
And ev'ry dear Hippolitus be blest.

But, as it is, six flouncing Flanders Mares
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs;
And if Hippolitus can but contrive
To buy the gilded Chariot, John can drive.

Now of the Bustle you have seen to Day,
And Phædra's Morals in This Scholar's Play;

Something

The EPILOGUE.

Something, at least, in Justice shou'd be said,
But this Hippolitus so fills ones Head.——
Well! Phædra liv'd as chastly as she cou'd,
For she was Father Jove's own Flesh and Blood;
Her awkward Love, indeed, was odly fated,
She and her Poly were too near related;
And yet that Scruple had been laid aside,
If honest Theseus had but fairly dy'd:
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all Matters stood in Statu quo:
There was no harm, you see, or grant there were,
She might want Conduct, but He wanted Care.
'Twas in a Husband little less than rude,
Upon his Wife's Retirement to intrude:
He shou'd have sent a Night or two before,
That he wou'd come exact at such an Hour;
Then he had turn'd all Tragedy to Jest,
Found ev'ry thing contribute to his Rest;
The Picquet Friend dismiss'd, the Coast all clear,
And Spouse alone, impatient for her Dear.

But if these gay Reflexions come too late
To keep the guilty Phædra from her Fate,
If your more serious Judgment must condemn
The dire Effects of her unhappy Flame:
Yet, ye chaste Matrons, and ye tender Fair,
Let Love and Innocence engage your Care;
My spotless Flames to your Protection take,
And spare poor Phædra for Ismena's Sake.

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Theseus</i> King of Crete	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Hippolitus</i> his Son, in Love with <i>Ismena.</i>	} Mr. Booth.
<i>Lycon</i> Minister of State.	Mr. Keen.
<i>Cratander</i> Captain of the Guards.	Mr. Corey.

W O M E N.

<i>Phædra</i> , <i>Theseus's</i> Queen, in Love with <i>Hippolitus</i> .	} Mrs. Barrey.
<i>Ismena</i> , a Captive Princess, in Love with <i>Hippolitus</i> .	} Mrs. Oldfield.

Guards, Attendants.

P H Æ-

PHÆDRA

AND

HIPPOLITUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Cratander and Lycon.

Lyc. **T**IS strange, *Cratander*, that the Royal *Phædra*
 Shou'd still continue resolute in Grief,
 And obstinately wretched :
 That one so gay, so beautiful and young,
 Of Godlike Virtue and Imperial Pow'r,
 Shou'd fly inviting Joys and court Destruction.

Crat. Is there not cause, when lately join'd in Marriage,
 To have the King her Husband call'd to War ?
 Then for three tedious Moons to mourn his Absence,
 Nor know his Fate ?

Lyc. The King may cause her Sorrow,
 But not by Absence : Oft I've seen him hang
 With greedy Eyes, and languish o'er her Beauties,
 She from his wide, deceiv'd, desiring Arms
 Flew tasteless, loathing ; whilst dejected *Theseus*,
 With mournful loving Eyes pursu'd her Flight,
 And dropt a silent Tear.

Crat. Ha ! this is Hatred,

B

This

This is Aversion, Horror, Detestation,
 Why did the Queen who might have cull'd Mankind,
 Why did she give her Person and her Throne
 To one she loath'd?

Lyc. Perhaps she thought it just
 That he shou'd wear the Crown his Valour sav'd.

Crat. Cou'd she not glut his Hopes with Wealth and Honour,
 Reward his Valour, yet reject his Love?
 Why, when a happy Mother, Queen, and Widow;
 Why did she wed old *Theseus*? While his Son,
 The brave *Hippolitus*, with equal Youth,
 And equal Beauty might have fill'd her Arms.

Lyc. *Hippolitus*, (in distant *Scythia* born,
 The warlike *Amazon*, *Camilla's* Son,)
 'Till our Queen's Marriage, was unknown to *Crete*;
 And sure the Queen cou'd wish him still unknown:
 She loaths, detests him, flies his hated Presence,
 And shrinks and trembles at his very Name.

Crat. Well may she hate the Prince she needs must fear;
 He may dispute the Crown with *Phædra's* Son.
 He's brave, he's fiery, youthful and lov'd;
 His Courage charms the Men, his Form the Women;
 His very Sports are War.

Lyc. O! he's all Hero, scorns th' inglorious Ease
 Of lazy *Crete*, delights to shine in Arms,
 To wield the Sword, and launch the pointed Spear;
 To tame the gen'rous Horse, that nobly wild
 Neighs on the Hills, and dares the angry Lion;
 To join the struggling Coursers to his Chariot,
 To make their stubborn Necks the Rein obey,
 To turn, to stop, or stretch along the Plain.
 Now the Queen's sick there's Danger in his Courage,
 Be ready with your Guards, I fear *Hippolitus*. [*Exit. Crat.*
 Fear him! for what? poor silly virtuous Wretch,
 Affecting Glory and contemning Pow'r:
 Warm without Pride, without Ambition brave;
 A senseless Hero, fit to be a Tool
 To those whose Godlike Souls are turn'd for Empire.

An open honest Fool, that loves and hates,
And yet more Fool to own it. He hates Flatterers,
He hates me too; weak Boy, to make a Foe
Where he might have a Slave. I hate too,
But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
Let the Queen live or dye the Prince must fall.

Enter Ismena.

What! still attending on the Queen, *Ismena*?
O charming Virgin! O exalted Virtue!
Can still your Goodness conquer all your Wrongs?
Are you not robb'd of your *Athenian* Crown?
Was not your Royal Father *Pallas* slain,
And all his wretched Race by conqu'ring *Thesens*?
And do you still watch o'er his Consort *Phædra*,
And still repay such Cruelty with Love?

Ism. Let them be cruel that delight in Mischief,
I'm of a softer Mould, poor *Phædra's* Sorrows
Pierce thro' my yielding Heart and wound my Soul.

Lyc. Now thrice the rising Sun has chear'd the World
Since she renew'd her Strength with due Refreshment;
Thrice has the Night brought Ease to Man, to Beast,
Since wretched *Phædra* clos'd her streaming Eyes:
She flies all Rest, all necessary Food,
Resolv'd to die, nor capable to live.

Ism. But now her Grief has wrought her into Frenzy;
The Images her troubl'd Fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her Words disjointed:
Sometimes she raves for Musick, Light and Air,
Nor Air, nor Light, nor Musick calm her Pains;
Then with extatick Strength she springs aloft,
And moves and bounds with Vigour not her own.

Lyc. Then Life is on the Wing, then most she sinks
When most she seems reviv'd. Like boiling Water
That foams and hisses o'er the crackling Wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then most wasting
When most it swells.

Ism. My Lord, now try your Art,
Her wild Disorder may disclose the Secret
Her cooler Sense conceal'd; the *Pythian* Goddess

Is dumb and sullen, till with Fury fill'd
 She spreads, she rises, growing to the light,
 She stares, she foams, she raves, the awful Secrets
 Burst from her trembling Lips, and ease the tortur'd Maid.
 But *Phædra* comes, ye Gods, how pale, how weak!

Enter Phædra and Attendants.

Phæd. Stay, Virgins, stay, I'll rest my weary Steps;
 My Strength forsakes me, and my dazled Eyes
 Ake with the flashing Light, my loosen'd Knees
 Sink under their dull Weight, support me, *Lycon*.
 Alas, I faint.

Lyc. Afford her Ease, kind Heaven.

Phæd. Why blaze these Jewels round my wretched Head?
 Why all this labour'd Elegance of Dress,
 Why flow these wanton Curls in artful Rings?
 Take, snatch 'em hence, alas, you all conspire
 To heap new Sorrows on my tortur'd Soul,
 All, all conspire to make your Queen unhappy.

Ism. This you requir'd, and to the pleasing Task
 Call'd your officious Maids, and urg'd their Art;
 You bid 'em lead you from yon hideous Darkneſs
 To the glad chearing Day, yet now avoid it,
 And hate the Light you sought.

Phæd. Oh! my *Lycon*!

Oh! how I long to lay my weary Head
 On tender flow'ry Beds and springing Grass,
 To stretch my Limbs beneath the spreading Shades
 Of venerable Oaks, to slake my Thirst
 With the cool Nectar of refreshing Springs.

Lyc. I'll sooth her Frenzy, come, *Phædra*, let's away,
 Let's to the Woods, and Lawns, and Limpid Streams.

Phæd. Come, let's away, and thou most bright *Diana*,
 Goddess of Woods, immortal, chaste *Diana*,
 Goddess presiding o'er the rapid Race,
 Place me, O place me in the dusty Ring,
 Where youthful Charioteers contend for Glory;
 See how they mount and shake the flowing Reins,
 See from the Goal the fiery Coursers bound,

Now

Now they strain panting up the steepy Hill,
Now sweep along its top, now neigh along the Vale;
How the Car rattles, how its kindling Wheels
Smoak in the Whirl! The circling Sand ascends,
And in the noble Dust the Chariot's lost.

Lyc. What, Madam!

Phæd. Ah! my *Lycon*! ah! what said I?
Where was I hurry'd by my roving Fancy?
My languid Eyes are wet with sudden Tears,
And on my Face unbidden Blushes glow.

Lyc. Blush then, but blush for your destructive Silence,
That tears your Soul, and weighs you down to Death;
Oh! shou'd you die (ye Pow'rs forbid her Death)
Who then wou'd shield from Wrongs your helpless Orphan?
O! he might wander, *Phædra's* Son might wander,
A naked Suppliant thro' the World for Aid;
Then he may cry, invoke his Mother's Name.
He may be doom'd to Chains, to Shame, to Death,
While proud *Hippolitus* shall mount his Throne.

Phæd. O Heavens!

Lyc. Ha, *Phædra*, are you touch'd at this?

Phæd. Unhappy Wretch! what Name was that you spoke?

Lyc. And does his Name provoke your just Resentments?
Then let it raise your Fear, as well as Rage:
Think how you wrong'd him, to his Father wrong'd him,
Think how you drove him hence a wandring Exile
To distant Climes, then think what certain Vengeance
His Rage may wreak on your unhappy Orphan:
For his sake then renew your drooping Spirits,
Feed with new Oil the wasting Lamp of Life,
That winks and trembles, now, just now expiring:
Make haste, preserve your Life.

Phæd. Alas! too long,
Too long have I preserv'd that guilty Life.

Lyc. Guilty! what Guilt, has Blood, has horrid Murthers
Imbru'd your Hands?

Phæd. Alas, my Hands are guiltless,
But Oh my Heart's defil'd.

I've

I've said too much, forbear the rest, my *Lycon*,
And let me die to save the black Confession.

Lyc. Die then, but not alone; old faithful *Lycon*
Shall be a Victim to your cruel Silence.

Will you not tell? Oh lovely, wretched Queen!
By all the Cares of your first infant Years,
By all the Love, and Faith, and Zeal I've shew'd you,
Tell me your Griefs, unfold your hidden Sorrows,
And teach your *Lycon* how to bring you Comfort.

Phæd. What shall I say, malicious cruel Pow'rs?
O where shall I begin! O cruel *Venus*!
How fatal Love has been to all our Race!

Lyc. Forget it, Madam, let it die in Silence.

Phæd. O *Ariadne*! O unhappy Sister!

Lyc. Cease to record your Sister's Grief and Shame.

Phæd. And since the cruel God of Love requires it,
I fall the last, and most undone of all.

Lyc. Do you then love?

Phæd. Alas, I groan beneath
The Pain, the Guilt, the Shame of impious Love.

Lyc. Forbid it Heaven!

Phæd. Do not upbraid me, *Lycon*,
I love, — alas, I shudder at the Name,
My Blood runs backward, and my fault'ring Tongue
Sticks at the Sound. — I love, — O righteous Heaven,
Why was I born with such a sense of Virtue,
So great Abhorrence of the smallest Crime,
And yet a Slave to such impetuous Guilt?
Rain on me, Gods, your Plagues, your sharpest Tortures,
Afflict my Soul with any thing but Guilt,
And yet that Guilt is mine, — I'll think no more,
I'll to the Woods among the happier Brutes,
Come let's away, hark, the shrill Horn resounds,
The jolly Huntsmens Cries rend the wide Heavens,
Come, o'er the Hills pursue the bounding Stagg,
Come chase the Lion and the foamy Boar,
Come rouse up all the Monsters of the Wood,
For there, ev'n there *Hippolitus* will guard me.

Lyc. *Hippo-*

Lyc. Hippolitus!

Phæd. Who's he that names *Hippolitus*?

Ah! I'm betray'd, and all my Guilt discover'd,
Oh! give me Poyson, Swords, I'll not live, not bear it;
I'll stop my Breath.

Ism. I'm lost, but what's that Loss!

Hippolitus is lost or lost to me:

Yet shou'd her Charms prevail upon his Soul,
Shou'd he be false I wou'd not wish him ill,
With my last parting Breath I'd bless my Lord:
Then in some lonely desert place expire,
Whence my unhappy Death shall never reach him,
Lest it shou'd wound his Peace, or damp his Joys.

[*Aside.*]

Lyc. Think still the Secret in your Royal Breast,
For by the awful Majesty of *Jove*,
By the All-seeing Sun, by righteous *Minos*,
By all your kindred Gods we swear, O *Phædra*,
Safe as our Lives we'll keep the fatal Secret.

Ism. &c. We swear, all swear to keep it ever secret.

Phæd. Keep it! from whom? why it's already known,
The Tale, the Whisper of the babling Vulgar;
Oh! can you keep it from your selves, unknow it?
Or do you think I'm so far gone in Guilt,
That I can see, can bear the Looks, the Eyes
Of one who knows my black detested Crimes,
Of one who knows that *Phædra* loves her Son?

Lyc. Unhappy Queen! August, unhappy Race!
Oh! why did *Theseus* touch this fatal Shore?
Why did he save us from *Nicanor's* Arms,
To bring worse Ruin on us by his Love?

Phæd. His Love indeed, for that unhappy Hour
In which the Priests join'd *Theseus's* Hand to mine,
Shew'd the young *Scythian* to my dazled Eyes.
Gods! how I shook! what boiling Heat inflam'd
My panting Breast! how from the Touch of *Theseus*
My slack Hand dropt, and all the idle Pomp,
Priests, Altars, Victims swam before my Sight!
The God of Love, ev'n the whole God possess me.

Lyc. At

Lyc. At once at first posselt you !

Phæd. Yes, at first,
That fatal Ev'ning we pursu'd the Chase,
When from behind the Wood with rustling Sound
A monstrous Boar rusht forth ; his baleful Eyes
Shot glaring Fire, and his stiff pointed Bristles
Rose high upon his Back ; at me he made,
Whetting his Tusks, and churning hideous Foam ;
Then, then *Hippolitus* flew in to aid me ;
Collecting all himself, and rising to the Blow,
He launch'd the whistling Spear ; the well aim'd Jav'lin
Pierc'd his tough Hide, and quiver'd in his Heart ;
The Monster fell, and gnashing with huge Tusks
Plow'd up the Crimson Earth. But then *Hippolitus*,
Gods ! how he mov'd and look'd when he approach'd me !
When hot and panting from the savage Conquest,
Dreadful as *Mars*, and as his *Venus* lovely,
His kindling Cheeks with Purple Beauties glow'd,
His lovely, sparkling Eyes shot martial Fires,
Oh Godlike Form ! Oh Extasie and Transport !
My Breath grew short, my beating Heart sprung upward,
And leap'd and bounded in my heaving Bosom.
Alas, I'm pleas'd, the horrid Story charms me,
No more ; that Night with Fear and Love I sick'n'd.
Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming Visits ;
Then wou'd he talk with such an heav'nly Grace,
Look with such dear Compassion on my Pains,
That I cou'd wish to be so sick for ever.
My Ears, my greedy Eyes, my thirsty Soul,
Drank gorging in the dear delicious Poison,
Till I was lost, quite lost in impious Love :
And shall I drag an execrable Life,
And shall I hoard up Guilt, and treasure Vengeance ?

Lyc. No, labour, strive, subdue that Guilt and live.

Phæd. Did I not labour, strive, All-seeing Pow'rs,
Did I not weep and pray, implore your Aid ?
Burnt Clouds of Incense on your loaded Altars ?
Oh ! I call'd Heaven and Earth to my Assistance,

All the ambitious Thirst of Fame and Empire,
And all the honest Pride of conscious Virtue ;
I struggl'd, rav'd ; the new-born Passion reign'd
Almighty in its Birth.

Lyc. Did you e'er try
To gain his Love.

Phæd. Avert such Crimes ye Pow'rs !
No, t'avoid his Love I fought his Hatred ;
I wrong'd him, shunn'd him, banish'd him from *Crete*,
I sent him, drove him from my longing sight :
In vain I drove him, for his Tyrant Form
Reign'd in my Heart, and dwelt before my Eyes ;
If to the Gods I pray'd, the very Vows
I made to Heaven, were by my erring Tongue
Spoke to *Hippolitus*. If I try'd to sleep,
Straight to my drowzy Eyes my restless Fancy
Brought back his fatal Form, and curst my slumber.

Lyc. First let me try to melt him into Love.

Phæd. No ; did his hapless Passion equal mine
I wou'd refuse the Bliss I most desir'd,
Consult my Fame and sacrifice my Life.
Yes, I wou'd die, Heaven knows, this very Moment,
Rather than wrong my Lord, my Husband *Theseus*.

Lyc. Perhaps that Lord, that Husband is no more ;
He went from *Crete* in haste, his Army thin,
To meet the numerous Troops of fierce *Molossians* ;
Yet tho' he lives, while ebbing Life decays
Think on your Son.

Phæd. Alas, that shocks me,
O let me see my young one, let me snatch
A hasty farewell, a last dying Kiss.
Yet stay, his sight will melt my just Resolves ;
But oh ! I beg with my last sallying Breath
Cherish my Babe.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you must know, your Royal Husband's dead.

Phæd. Dead! oh ye Pow'rs!

Lyc. O fortunate Event!

Then Earth-born *Lycon* may ascend the Throne,
 Leave to his happy Son the Crown of *Jove*,
 And be ador'd like him. [*Aside.*] Mour, mourn, ye *Cretans*,
 Since he's dead whose Valour sav'd your Isle,
 Whose prudent Care with flowing Plenty crown'd
 His peaceful Subjects, as your tow'ring *Ida*:
 With spreading Oaks, and with descending Streams,
 Shades and enriches all the Plains below.
 Say how he dy'd.

Mess. He dy'd as *Theseus* ought,
 In Battel dy'd; *Philotas* now a Prisoner,
 That rushing on fought next his Royal Person,
 That saw his thund'ring Arm beat Squadrons down,
 Saw the great Rival of *Alcides* fall:
 These Eyes beheld his well-known Steed, beheld
 A proud *Barbarian* glitt'ring in his Arms,
 Encumber'd with the Spoil.

Phæd. Is he then dead?
 Is my much injur'd Lord, my *Theseus* dead?
 And don't I shed one Tear upon his Urn?
 What! not a Sigh, a Groan, a soft Complaint?
 Ah! these are Tributes due from pious Brides,
 From a chaste Matron, and a virtuous Wife:
 But savage Love, the Tyrant of my Heart,
 Claims all my Sorrows, and usurps my Grief.

Lyc. Dismiss that Grief and give a loose to Joy:
 He's dead, the Bar of all your Bliss is dead,
 Live then, my Queen, forget the wrinkled *Theseus*,
 And take the youthful Hero to your Arms.

Phæd. I dare not yet admit of such a Thought,
 And blest'd be Heav'n that steel'd my stubborn Heart,
 That made me shun the bridal Bed of *Theseus*,
 And give him Empire, but refuse him Love.

Lyc. Then may his happier Son be blest'd with both;
 Then rouze your Soul, and muster all your Charms,
 Sooth his ambitious Mind with Thirst of Empire,

And

And all his tender Thoughts with soft Allurements.

Phæd. But shou'd the Youth refuse my proffer'd Love !
O shou'd he throw me from his loathing Arms !

I fear the Trial, for I know *Hippolitus*
Fierce in the Right, and obstinately Good :

When round beset, his Virtue like a Flood
Breaks with resistless Force th'opposing Dams,
And bears the Mounds along ; they're hurry'd on,
And swell the Torrent they were rais'd to stop.

I dare not yet resolve, I'll try to live,
And to the awful Gods I'll leave the rest.

Lyc. Madam, your Signet, that your Slave may order
What's most expedient for your Royal Service.

Phæd. Take it, and with it take the Fate of *Phædra* :
And thou, O *Venus*, aid a suppliant Queen,
That owns thy Triumphs, and adores thy Pow'r ;
O spare thy Captives, and subdue thy Foes.

On this cold *Scythian* let thy Pow'r be known,
And in a Lover's Cause assert thy own ;
Then *Crete* as *Paphos* shall adore thy Shrine
This Nurse of *Jove* with grateful Fires shall shine,
And with thy Father's Flames shall worship thine. }

[*Exit Phæd. &c.*]

Lycon solus.

If she proposes Love, why then as surely
His haughty Soul refuses it with Scorn.

Say I confine him, if she dies he's safe ;
And if she lives I'll work her raging Mind.

A Woman scorn'd with Ease I'll work to Vengeance :
With humble, fawning, wise, obsequious Arts
I'll rule the Whirl and Transport of her Soul ;
Then what her Reason hates, her Rage may act.

*When Barks glide slowly thro' the lazy Main,
The baffl'd Pilots turn the Helms in vain ;
When driv'n by Winds they cut the foamy way,
The Rudders govern, and the Ships obey.*

[*Exit*]

The End of the first Act.

A C T II.

Enter Phædra, Lycon, & Ismena. [Enter Mess.]

Mess. **M** Adam, the Prince *Hippolitus* attends.

Phæd. Admit him: Where, where *Phædra's*
now thy Soul?

What——Shall I speak? and shall my guilty Tongue
Let this insulting Victor know his Pow'r?

Or shall I still confine within my Breast
My restless Passions and devouring Flames?

But see he comes, the lovely Tyrant comes,
He rushes on me like a Blaze of Light,

I cannot bear the Transport of his Presence,
But sink oppress'd with Woe. *[Swoons.]*

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Immortal Gods!

What have I done to raise such strange Abhorrence?

What have I done to shake her shrinking Nature

With my Approach, and kill her with my sight?

Lyc. Alas, another Grief devours her Soul,
And only your Assistance can relieve her.

Hip. Hah! Make it known, that I may fly and aid her.

Lyc. But promise first, my Lord, to keep it secret.

Hip. Promise! I swear, on this good Sword I swear,
This Sword, which first gain'd youthful *Theseus* Honour;

Which oft has punish'd Perjury and Falshood;

By thund'ring *Jove*, by *Græcian Hercules*,

By the Majestick Form of Godlike Heroes,

That shine around, and consecrate the Steel;

No Racks, no Shame shall ever force it from me.

Phæd. *Hippolitus!*

Hip. Yes, 'tis that Wretch who begs you to dismiss
This hated Object from your Eyes for ever.

Begs leave to march against the Foes of *Theseus*,

And to revenge or share his Father's Fate.

Phæd. Oh, *Hippolitus!*

I own I've wrong'd you, most unjustly wrong'd you,

Drove you from Court, from *Crete*, and from your Father ;
The Court, all *Crete* deplor'd their suffering Hero,
And I (the sad Occasion) most of all.
Yet could you know relenting *Phædra's* Soul,
Oh could you think with what reluctant Grief
I wrong'd the Hero, whom I wish'd to cherish !
Oh ! you'd confess me wretched, not unkind,
And own those Ills did most deserve your Pity,
Which most procur'd your Hate.

Hip. My Hate to *Phædra* !
Ha ! could I hate the Royal Spouse of *Theseus*,
My Queen, my Mother ?

Phæd. Why your Queen and Mother ?
All humble Titles suit my lost Condition ;
Alas ! the Iron Hand of Death is on me,
And I have only time t' implore your Pardon :
Ah ! would my Lord forget injurious *Phædra*,
And with Compassion view her helpless Orphan !
Would he receive him to his dear Protection,
Defend his Youth from all encroaching Foes !

Hip. Oh, I'll defend him ! with my Life defend him !
Heavens dart your Judgments on this faithless Head,
If I don't pay him all a Slave's Obedience,
And all a Father's Love.

Phæd. A Fathers Love !
Oh doubtful Sounds ! oh vain deceitful Hopes !
My Grief's much eas'd by this transcending Goodness,
And *Theseus* Death sits lighter on my Soul :
Death ! He's not dead ! he lives, he breaths, he speaks,
He lives in you, he's present to my Eyes,
I see him, speak to him, my Heart ! I rave
And all my Folly's known.

Hip. Oh ! glorious Folly !
See *Theseus*, see, how much your *Phædra* lov'd you.

Phæd. Love him, indeed ! dote, languish, dye for him,
For sake my Food, my Sleep, all Joyes for *Theseus*,
(But not that Hoary venerable *Theseus*,)
But *Theseus*, as he was, when mantling Blood,

Glow'd

Glow'd in his lovely Cheeks ; when his bright Eyes
Sparkl'd with youthful Fires ; when ev'ry Grace
Shone in the Father, which now crowns the Son ;
When *Theseus* was *Hippolitus*.

Hip. Ha ! Amazement strikes me ;
Where will this end ?

Lyc. Is't difficult to guess ?
Does not her flying Paleness that but now
Sat cold and languid in her fading Cheek,
(Where now succeeds a momentary Lustre,)
Does not her beating Heart, her trembling Limbs,
Her wishing Looks, her Speech, her present Silence,
All, all proclaim imperial *Phædra* loves you.

Hip. What do I hear ! what, does no lightning Flash,
No Thunder bellow, when such monstrous Crimes,
Are own'd, avow'd, confest ? All-seeing Sun,
Hide, hide in shameful Night, thy beamy Head,
And cease to view the Horrors of thy Race :
Alas ! I share th' amazing Guilt ; these Eyes
That first inspir'd the black incestuous Flame,
These Ears that heard the Tale of impious Love,
Are all accurst, and all deserve your Thunder.

Phæd. Alas, my Lord ! believe me not so vile,
No by thy Goddess, by the chaste *Diana*,
None but my first, my much lov'd Lord *Arsamnes*
Was e're receiv'd in these unhappy Arms.
No ! for the Love of thee, of those dear Charms,
Which now I see are doom'd to be my Ruin,
I still deny'd my Lord, my Husband *Theseus*,
The chaste, the modest Joys of spotless Marriage ;
That drove him hence to War, to stormy Seas,
To Rocks and Waves less cruel than his *Phædra*.

Hip. If that drove *Theseus* hence, then that kill'd *Theseus*,
And cruel *Phædra* kill'd her Husband *Theseus*.

Phæd. Forbear, rash Youth, nor dare to rouse my Vengeance ;
You need not urge, nor tempt my swelling Rage
With black Reproaches, Scorn and Provocation
To do a Deed my Reason would abhor.

Long

Long has the Secret struggled in my Breast,
 Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd Bosom,
 But now 'tis out; Shame, Rage, Confusion tear
 And drive me on to act unheard-of Crimes,
 To murder thee, my self, and all that know it.
 As when Convulsions cleave the lab'ring Earth,
 Before the dismal Yawn appears, the Ground
 Trembles and heaves, the nodding Houses crash;
 He's safe that from the dreadful Warning flies,
 But he that sees it's opening Bosom dyes. [Exit.]

Hip. Then let me take the Warning and retire,
 I'd rather trust the rough *Ionian* Waves
 Than Woman's fiercer Rage. [*Ismena shews her self listning.*]

Lyc. Alas, my Lord,
 You must not leave the Queen to her Despair.

Hip. Must not! from thee! from that vile upstart *Lycon*.

Lyc. Yes; from that *Lycon* who derives his Greatness
 From *Phædra's* Race, and now would guard her Life:
 Then, Sir, forbear, and view this Royal Signet,
 And in her faithful Slave obey the Queen. [*Enter Guards*]
Guards, watch the Prince, but at that awful Distance,
 With that Respect it may not seem Confinement,
 But only meant for Honour.

Hip. So, Confinement is
 The Honour *Crete* bestows on *Theseus* Son.
 Am I confin'd! and is't so soon forgot
 When fierce *Procrustes* Arms o'erran your Kingdom?
 When your Streets Echo'd with the Cries of Orphans,
 Your shrieking Maids clung round the hallow'd Shrines;
 When all your Palaces and lofty Towers
 Smoak'd on the Earth, when the red Sky around
 Glow'd with your City's Flames (a dreadful Lustre):
 Then, then my Father flew to your Assistance;
 Then *Theseus* sav'd your Lives, Estates and Honours,
 And do you thus reward the Hero's Toil?
 And do you now confine the Hero's Son?

Lyc. Take not an easie short Confinement ill,
 Which your own Safety and the Queen's requires;

Hip. O,

But fear not ought from one that joys to serve you.

Hip. O, I disdain thee, Traitor, but not fear thee,
Nor will I hear of Services from *Lycon*.

Thy very Looks are Lies, eternal Falshood
Smiles in thy Lips and flatters in thy Eyes;
Ev'n in thy humble Face I read my Ruin
In ev'ry cringing Bow and fawning Smile:
Why else d'you whisper out your dark Suspicions?
Why with malignant Elogies encrease
The Peoples Fears, and praise me to my Ruin?
Why through the troubl'd Streets of frightened *Gnoſſus*
Do Bucklers, Helms and polish'd Armor blaze?
Why sounds the dreadful Din of instant War?
Whilst still the Foe's unknown.

Lyc. Then quit thy Arts.
Put off the States-man and resume the Judge. [*Aside.*
Thou *Protens* shift thy various Forms no more,
But boldly own the God. — That Foe's too near; [*To Hip.*
The Queens Disease, and your aspiring Mind
Disturb all *Crete*, and give a Loose to War.

Hip. Gods! dare he speak thus to a Monarch's Son?
And must this Earth-born Slave command in *Crete*?
Was it for this my God-like Father fought?
Did *Theseus* bleed for *Lycon*? O ye *Cretans*,
See there your King, the Successor of *Minos*,
And Heir of *Jove*.

Lyc. You may as well provoke
That *Jove* you worship, as this Slave you scorn.
Go seize *Alemaon*, *Nicias*, and all
The black Abettors of his impious Treason.
Now o'er thy Head th' avenging Thunder roles;
For know on me depends thy instant Doom.
Then learn (Proud Prince) to bend thy haughty Soul,
And if thou think'st of Life obey the Queen.

Hip. Then free from Fear or Guilt I'll wait my Doom,
What e'ers my Fault no Stain shall blot my Glory.
I'll guard my Honour, you dispose my Life; [*Ex. Lyc. and Crat.*
Since he dares brave my Rage the Danger's near.

The

The timorous Hounds that hunt the generous Lyon
 Bay afar off, and tremble in pursuit;
 But when he struggles in th' entangling Toils,
 Insult the dying Prey.—'Tis kindly done, *Ismena*, [*Ism.* Enters.
 With all your Charms to visit my Distress;
 Soften my Chains, and make Confinement easie.
 Is it then giv'n me to behold thy Beauties!
 Those blushing Sweets, those lovely loving Eyes!
 To press, to strain thee to my beating Heart,
 And grow thus to my Love! What's Liberty to this?
 What's Fame or Greatness? Take 'em, take 'em, *Phædra*,
 Freedom and Fame, and in the dear Confinement
 Enclose me thus for ever.

Ism. O *Hippolitus*!

O I could ever dwell in this Confinement!
 Nor wish for ought while I behold my Lord;
 But yet that Wish, that only Wish is vain,
 When my hard Fate thus forces me to beg you
 Drive from your God-like Soul a wretched Maid,
 Take to your Arms (assist me Heaven to speak it.)
 Take to your Arms Imperial *Phædra*,
 And think of me no more.

Hip. Not think of thee!

What! part, for ever part! unkind *Ismena*!
 Oh! can you think that Death is half so dreadful
 As it would be to live, and live without thee?
 Say, should I quit thee, should I turn to *Phædra*,
 Say, could'st thou bear it? could thy tender Soul
 Endure the Torment of despairing Love,
 And see me settled in a Rival's Arms?

Ism. Think not of me, perhaps my equal mind
 May learn to bear the Fate the Gods allot me.
 Yet would you hear me, could your lov'd *Ismena*
 With all her Charms o'erule your sullen Honour,
 You yet might live, nor leave the poor *Ismena*.

Hip. Speak, if I can, I'm ready to obey.

Ism. Give the Queen hopes.

Hip. No more — my Soul disdains it.

D

No

18 PHÆDRA *and* HIPPOLITUS.

No, should I try, my haughty Soul would swell;
Sharpen each Word, and threaten in my Eyes.
O! should I stoop to cringe, to lye, forswear,
Deserve the Ruin which I strive to shun?

Ism. O, I can't bear this cold Contempt of Death!
This rigid Vertue that prefers your Glory
To Liberty or Life. O cruel Man!
By these sad Sighs, by these poor streaming Eyes,
By that dear Love that makes us now unhappy,
By the near Danger of that precious Life,
Heav'n knows I value much above my own.
What! not yet mov'd? Are you resolv'd on Death?
Then, e'er 'tis Night I swear by all the Pow'rs
This Steel shall end my Fears and Life together.

Hip. You shan't be trusted with a Life so precious.
No, to the Court I'll publish your Design,
Ev'n bloody *Lycon* will prevent your Fate;
Lycon shall wrench the Dagger from your Bosom,
And raving *Phædra* will preserve *Ismena*.

Ism. *Phædra*! Come on, I'll lead you on to *Phædra*;
I'll tell her all the Secrets of our Love,
Give to her Rage her close destructive Rival;
Her Rival sure will fall, her Love may save you.
Come see me labour in the Pangs of Death,
My agonizing Limbs, my dying Eyes,
Dying, yet fixt in Death on my *Hippolitus*.

Hip. What's your Design? Ye Powers! What means my

Ism. She means to lead you in the Road of Fate, (Love?)
She means to dye with one she can't preserve.
Yet when you see me pale upon the Earth,
This once lov'd Form grown horrible in Death,
Sure your relenting Soul would wish you'd sav'd me.

Hip. Oh! I'll do all, do any thing to save you,
Give up my Fame and all my darling Honour,
I'll run, I'll fly, what you'll command I'll say.

Ism. Say what Occasion, Chance, or Heav'n inspires,
Say that you love her, that you lov'd her long,
Say that you'll wed her, say that you'll comply,

Say

Say, to preserve your Life, say any thing.
 Bless him, ye Powers! and if it be a Crime, [Exit Hip.
 Oh! if the pious Fraud offend your Justice,
 Aim all your Vengeance on *Ismena's* Head;
 Punish *Ismena*, but forgive *Hippolitus*.
 He's gone, and now my brave Resolves are stagger'd,
 Now I repent like some despairing Wretch
 That boldly plunges in the frightful Deep,
 Then pants, and struggles with the whirling Waves;
 And catches every slender Reed to save him.

Cho. But should he do what your Commands enjoyn'd him,
 Say, should he wed her?

Ism. Should he wed the Queen!
 Oh! I'd remember that 'twas my Request,
 And dye well pleas'd I made the Heroe happy.

Cho. Dye! does *Ismena* then resolve to dye?

Ism. Can I then live? can I, who lov'd so well
 To part with all my Bliss to save my Lover?
 Oh! can I drag a wretched Life without him,
 And see another revel in his Arms?
 Oh 'tis in Death alone I can have Comfort!

Enter Lycon.

Lyc. What a Reverse is this? perfidious Boy,
 Is this thy Truth? is this thy boasted Honour?
 Then all are Rogues alike; I never thought
 But one Man honest, and that one decives me. [Aside.
Ismena here! ———

'Tis all agreed, and now the Prince is safe
 From the sure Vengeance of despairing Love.
 Now *Phædra's* Rage is chang'd to soft Endearments,
 She doats, she dyes; and few, but tedious Days,
 With endless Joys will crown the happy Pair.

Ism. Does he then wed the Queen?

Lyc. At least I think so,
 I, when the Prince approach'd, not far retir'd
 Pale with my Doubts; he spoke; th' attentive Queen
 Dwelt on his Accents, and her gloomy Eyes
 Sparkled with gentler Fires: He blushing bow'd,

She trembling, lost in Love, with soft Confusion
 Receiv'd his Passion and return'd her own:
 Then smiling turn'd to me, and bid me order
 The pompous Rights of her ensuing Nuptials,
 Which I must now pursue. Farewell *Ismena*. [Exit.

Ism. Then I'll retire, and not disturb their Joys.

Cho. Stay and learn more.

Ism. Ah! wherefore should I stay?
 What! shall I stay to rave, t'upbraid, to hold him,
 To snatch the struggling Charmer from her Arms?
 For could you think that open gen'rous Youth
 Could with feign'd Love deceive a jealous Woman?
 Could he so soon grow artful in dissembling?
 Ah! without doubt his Thoughts inspired his Tongue,
 And all his Soul receiv'd a real Love.

Perhaps new Graces darted from her Eyes,
 Perhaps soft Pity charm'd his yielding Soul,
 Perhaps her Love, perhaps her Kingdom charm'd him;
 Perhaps alas! how many things might charm him!

Cho. Wait the Success, it is not yet decided.

Ism. Not yet decided! Did not *Lycon* tell us
 How he protested, sigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd;
 How the soft Passion languish'd in his Eyes?
 Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on *Phædra's* Charms.
 Now, now he clasps her to his panting Breast,
 Now he devours her with his eager Eyes,
 Now grasps her Hands, and now he looks, and vows
 The dear false things that charm'd the poor *Ismena*.
 He comes; be still, my Heart, the Tyrant comes,
 Charming, tho' false, and lovely in his Guilt.

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Why hangs that cloudy Sorrow on your Brow?
 Why do you sigh? why flow your swelling Eyes,
 Those Eyes that us'd with Joy to view *Hippolitus*.

Ism. My Lord, my Soul is charm'd with your Success;
 You know, my Lord, my Fears are but for you,
 For your dear Life; and since my death alone
 Can make you safe, that soon shall make you happy.

Yet

Yet had you brought less Love to *Phædra's* Arms,
My Soul had parted with a less Regret,
Blest if surviving in your dear Remembrance,

Hip. Your Death! My Love! My Marriage! and to *Phædra*!
Hear me, *Ismena*.

Ism. No I dare not hear you.
But tho' you've been thus cruelly unkind,
Tho' you have left me for the Royal *Phædra*,
Yet still my Soul o'er runs with Fondness t'wards thee,
Yet still I dye with Joy to save *Hippolitus*.

Hip. Dye to save me! Could I outlive *Ismena*?

Ism. Yes, you'd outlive her in your *Phædra's* Arms,
And may you there find ev'ry blooming Pleasure;
Oh, may the Gods show'r Blessings on thy Head!
May the Gods crown thy glorious Arms with Conquest,
And all thy peaceful Days with sure Repose:
May'st thou be blest with lovely *Phædra's* Charms,
And for thy Ease forget the lost *Ismena*.
Farewell, *Hippolitus*.

Hip. *Ismena* stay,
Stay, here me speak, or by th' infernal Powers
I'll not survive the Minute you depart.

Ism. What would you say? ah! don't deceive my Weakness.

Hip. Deceive thee! why, *Ismena*, do you wrong me?
Why doubt my Faith? O lovely, cruel Maid!
Why wound my tender Soul with harsh Suspicion!
Oh! by those charming Eyes, by thy dear Love,
I neither thought nor spoke, design'd nor promis'd
To love, or wed the Queen.

Ism. Speak on, my Lord,
My honest Soul inclines me to believe thee;
And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd thee.

Hip. Then thus. I came and spake, but scarce of Love;
The easie Queen receiv'd my faint Address
Whith eager Hope and unsuspicious Faith.

Lycon with seeming Joy dismiss'd my Guards,
My gen'rous Soul disdain'd the mean Deceit,
But still deceiv'd her to obey *Ismena*.

Ism. Art.

Ism. Art thou then true? Thou art. Oh pardon me,
 Pardon the Errors of a silly Maid,
 Wild with her Fears, and mad with Jealousie;
 For still that Fear, that Jealousie was Love.
 Hasten then, my Lord, and save your self by Flight;
 And when you're absent, when your God-like Form
 Shall cease to cheer forlorn *Ismena's* Eyes,
 Then let each Day, each Hour, each Minute bring
 Some kind Remembrance of your constant Love;
 Speak of your Health, your Fortune, and your Friends,
 (For sure those Friends shall have my tender'st wishes)
 Speak much of all; but of thy dear, dear Love,
 Speak much, speak very much, and still speak on.

Hip. Oh! thy dear Love shall ever be my Theme,
 Of that alone I'll talk the live long Day;
 But thus I'll talk, thus dwelling in thy Eyes,
 Tasting the Odours of thy fragrant Bosom.
 Come then to crown me with immortal Joys,
 Come, be the kind Companion of my Flight,
 Come hasten with me to leave this fatal Shore.
 The Bark before prepar'd for my Departure
 Expects its Freight, a hundred lusty Rowers
 Have bar'd their sinewy Arms, and call'd *Hippolitus*;
 The loosen'd Canvas trembles with the Wind,
 And the Sea whitens with auspicious Gales.

Ism. Fly then, my Lord, and may the Gods protect thee
 Fly, e'er insidious *Lycon* work thy Ruin,
 Fly, e'er my Fondness talk thy Life away;
 Fly from the Queen.

Hip. But not from my *Ismena*.
 Why do you force me from your heav'nly sight,
 With those dear Arms that ought to clasp me to thee?

Ism. Oh I could rave for ever at my Fate!
 And with alternate Love and Fear possess'd,
 Now force thee from my Arms, now snatch thee t'my Breast,
 And tremble till you go, but dye till you return.
 Nay I could go; ye Gods, if I should go,
 What would Fame say? if I should fly alone

With

With a young lovely Prince that charm'd my Soul?

Hip. Say you did well to fly a certain Ruin,
To fly the Fury of a Queen incens'd,
To crown with endless Joys the Youth that lov'd you.
O! by the Joys our mutual Loves have brought,
By the blest Hours I've languish'd at your Feet,
By all the Love you ever bore *Hippolitus*,
Come fly from hence and make him ever happy.

Ism. Hide me, ye Pow'rs; I never shall resist.

Hip. Will you refuse me? Can I leave behind me
All that inspires my Soul and cheers my Eyes?
Will you not go? Then here I'll wait my Doom.
Come, raving *Phædra*, bloody *Lycon* come;
I offer to your Rage this worthless Life,
Since 'tis no longer my *Ismena's* Care.

Ism. O! hast away, my Lord, I go, I fly
Thro' all the Dangers of the boist'rous Deep.
When the Wind whistles thro' the crackling Masts,
When thro' the yawning Ship the foaming Sea
Rowls bubbling in; then, then I'll clasp thee fast,
And in transporting Love forget my Fear.
Oh! I will wander thro' the *Scythian* Gloom,
O'er Ice, and Hills of everlasting Snow:
There when the horrid Darkness shall enclose us,
When the bleak Wind shall chill my shiv'ring Limbs,
Thou shalt alone supply the distant Sun,
And cheer my gazing Eyes, and warm my Heart.

Hip. Come, let's away, and like another *Jason*
I'll bear my beauteous Conquest thro' the Seas:
A greater Treasure and a nobler Prize
Than he from *Colchos* bore. Sleep, sleep in Peace
Ye Monsters of the Woods, on *Ida's* top
Securely roam; no more my early Horn
Shall wake the lazy Day. Transporting Love
Reigns in my Heart, and makes me all its own:

So when bright *Venus* yielded up her Charms,
 The blest *Adonis* languish'd in her Arms;
 His idle Horn on fragrant Mirtles hung,
 His Arrows scatter'd, and his Bow unstrung:
 Obscure in Coverts lye his dreaming Hounds,
 And bay the fancy'd Boar with feeble Sounds.
 For nobler Sports he quits the Savage Fields;
 And all the Heroe to the Lover yields.

A C T III.

Enter Lycon.

Lyc. HEav'n is at last appeas'd: the pitying Gods
 Have heard our Wishes, and auspicious *Jove*
 Smiles on his Native Isle; for *Phædra* lives,
 Restor'd to *Crete*, and to her self, she lives;
 Joy with fresh Strength inspires her drooping Limbs,
 Revives her Charms, and o'er her faded Cheeks
 Spreads a fresh rosie Bloom, as kindly Springs
 With genial Heat renew the frozen Earth,
 And paint its smiling Face with gawdy Flow'rs.
 But see she comes, the beautiful *Phædra* comes.

Enter Phædra.

How her Eyes sparkle! how their radiant Beams
 Confess their shining Ancestor the Sun!
 Your Charms to Day will wound despairing Crowds,
 And give the Pains you suffer'd: Nay, *Hippolitus*
 The fierce, the brave, th' insensible *Hippolitus*
 Shall pay a willing Homage to your Beauty,
 And in his turn adore —

Phæd. 'Tis Flatt'ry all;
 Yet when you name the Prince, that Flatt'ry's pleasing.
 You wish it so, poor good old Man, you wish it.
 The fertile Province of *Cydonia*'s thine;

Is there ought else? has happy *Phædra* ought
In the wide Circle of her far stretch'd Empire?
Ask, take, my Friend, secure of no Repulse?
Let spacious *Crete* thro' all her hundred Cities
Resound her *Phædra's* Joy. Let Altars smoke,
And richest Gums, and Spice, and Incense roll
Their fragrant Wreaths to Heav'n, to pitying Heav'n,
Which gives *Hippolitus* to *Phædra's* Arms.
Set all at large, and bid the loathsom Dungeons
Give up the meagre Slaves that pine in Darkness,
And waste in Grief, as did despairing *Phædra*:
Let them be chear'd, let the starv'd Prisoners riot,
And glow with gen'rous Wine.—Let Sorrow cease.
Let none be wretched, none, since *Phædra's* happy.
But now he comes! and with an equal Passion
Rewards my Flame, and springs into my Arms.

Enter Messenger.

Say, where's the Prince?

Mess. He's no where to be found.

Phæd. Perhaps he hunts.

Mess. He hunted not to Day.

Phæd. Ha! have you search'd the Courts, the Temples?

Mess. Search'd all in vain.

Phæd. Did he not hunt to Day?

Alas! you told me once before he did not:

My Heart misgives me.

Lyc. So indeed doth mine.

Phæd. Cou'd he deceive me? Cou'd that Godlike Youth
Design the Ruin of a Queen that loves him?

Oh! he's all Truth, his Words, his Looks, his Eyes

Open to view his inmost Thoughts.—He comes!

Ha! who art thou? Whence com'st thou? Where's *Hippolitus*?

Mess. Madam, *Hippolitus* with fair *Ismena*

Drove tow'rd the Port——

Phæd. With fair *Ismena*!

Curs'd be her cruel Beauty, curst her Charms,

Curst all her soothing, fatal, false Endearments.

That heav'nly Virgin, that exalted Goodness

E

Cou'd

Could see me tortur'd with despairing Love,
With artful Tears could mourn my monstrous Suff'rings,
While her base Malice plotted my Destruction.

Lyc. A thousand Reasons croud upon my Soul,
That evidence their Love.

Phæd. Yes, yes, they love;
Why else should he refuse my proffer'd Bed?
Why should one warm'd with Youth, and Thirst of Glory,
Disdain a Soul, a Form, a Crown like mine?

Lyc. Where, *Lycon*, where was then thy boasted cunning?
Dull, thoughtless Wretch.

Phæd. O Pains unfelt before!
The Grief, Despair, the Agonies, and Pangs,
All the wild Fury of distracted Love,
Are nought to this.——Say, famous Politician,
Where, when, and how did their first Passion rise?
Where did they breath their Sighs? what shady Groves?
What gloomy Woods conceal'd their hidden Loves?
Alas! they hid it not, the well pleas'd Sun
With all his Beams survey'd their guiltless Flame;
Glad *Zephyrs* wafted their untainted Sighs,
And *Ida* eccho'd their endearing Accents:
While I, the Shame of Nature, hid in Darkness,
Far from the balmy Air and cheering Light,
Prest down my Sighs, and dry'd my falling Tears,
Searcht a Retreat to mourn, and watcht to grieve.

Lyc. Now cease that Grief, and let your injur'd Love
Contrive due Vengeance; let majestick *Phædra*
That lov'd the Hero sacrifice the Villain.
Then haste, send forth your Ministers of Vengeance,
To snatch the Traytor from your Rival's Arms,
And force him trembling to your awful Presence.

Phæd. O rightly thought—Dispatch th' attending Guards,
Bid them bring forth their Instruments of Death;
Darts, Engines, Flames, and lanch into the deep,
And hurl swift Vengeance on the perjur'd Slave.

Where am I, Gods? what is't my Rage Commands?
Ev'n now he's gone? Ev'n now the well tim'd Oars

With

With sounding Stroaks divide the sparkling Waves,
And happy Gales assist their speedy Flight.
Now they embrace, and ardent Love enflames
Their flushing Cheeks, and trembles in their Eyes.
Now they expose my Weakness and my Crimes,
Now to the sporting Crowd they tell my Follies.

Enter Cratander.

Crat. Sir, as I went to seize the Persons order'd
I met the Prince, and with him fair *Ismena*;
I seiz'd the Prince, who now attends without.

Phæd. Haste, bring him in.

Lyc. Be quick and seize *Ismena*.

Enter Hippolitus.

Phæd. Cou'dst thou deceive me? cou'd a Son of *Theseus*
Stoop to so mean, so base a Vice as Fraud?
Nay, act such monstrous Perfidy, yet start
From promis'd Love.

Hip. My Soul disdain'd a Promise.

Phæd. But yet your false equivocating Tongue,
Your Looks, your Eyes, your ev'ry Motion promis'd.
But you are ripe in Frauds, and learn'd in Falshoods.
Look down, O *Theseus*, and behold thy Son,
As *Sciron* faithless, as *Procrustes* cruel.
Behold the Crimes, the Tyrants, all the Monsters,
From which thy Valour purg'd the groaning Earth:
Behold them all in thy own Son reviv'd.

Hip. Touch not my Glory, lest you stain your own,
I still have strove to make my glorious Father
Blush, yet rejoyce to see himself outdone;
To mix my Parents in my lineal Vertues,
As *Theseus* just, and as *Camilla* chaste.

Phæd. The Godlike *Theseus* never was thy Parent.
No, 'Twas some Monthly *Cappadocian* Drudge,
Obedient to the Scourge, and beaten to her Arms,
Begot thee, Traytor, on the chaste *Camilla*.

Camilla chaste! an *Amazon* and chaste!
That quits her Sex and yet retains her Vertue.
See the chaste Matron mount the neighing Steed;

In strict Embraces lock the struggling Warriour,
And choose the Lover in the sturdy Foe.

Enter Messenger and seems to talk earnestly with Lycon.

Hip. No; she refus'd the Vows of Godlike *Theseus*,
And chose to stand his Arms, not meet his Love;
And doubtful was the Fight. The wide *Thermodoon*
Heard the huge Stroaks resound, its frightened Waves
Convey'd the ratt'ling din to distant Shores,
Whilst she alone supported all his War:
Nor till she sank beneath his thund'ring Arm,
Beneath which, warlike Nations bow'd, wou'd yield
To honest wisht for Love.

Phæd. Not so her Son,
Who boldly ventures on forbidden Flames,
On one descended from the cruel *Pallas*,
Foe to thy Father's Person and his Blood;
Hated by him, of Kindred yet more hated,
The last of all the wicked Race he ruin'd.
In vain a fierce successive Hatred reign'd
Between your Sires: In vain, like *Cadmus* Race,
With mingl'd Blood they dy'd the blushing Earth.

Hip. In vain indeed, since now the War is o'er;
We, like the *Theban* Race, agree to love,
And by our mutual Flames and future Offspring,
Atone for Slaughter past.

Phæd. Your future Offspring.
Heav'ns! What a medly's this? What dark Confusion,
Of Blood and Death, of Murder and Relation?
What Joy 't had been to old disabled *Theseus*,
When he should take the Offspring in his Arms?
Ev'n in his Arms to hold an Infant *Pallas*,
And be upbraided with his Granfire's Fate.
Oh barb'rous Youth!

Lyc. Too barbarous I fear.
Perhaps ev'n now his Faction's up in Arms,
Since waving Crowds roll onwards tow'rd the Palace,
And rend the City with tumultuous Clamours!
Perhaps to murder *Phædra* and her Son,

And

And give the Crown to him and his *Ismena*:
But I'll prevent it.

[Exit *Lycon*.]

Ismena brought in.

Phæd. What! the kind *Ismena*
That nurs'd me, watch'd my Sickness; oh she watch'd me!
As rav'nous Vultures watch the dying *Lyon*,
To tear his Heart and riot in his Blood.
Hark! hark my little Infant cries for Justice!
Oh! be pleas'd my Babe, thou shalt have Justice.
Now all the Spirits of my Godlike Race
Enflame my Soul and urge me on to Vengeance.
Arsamnes, Minos, Jove, th' avenging Sun
Inspire my Fury and require my Justice.
Oh! you shall have it, thou, *Minos*, shalt applaud it;
Yes thou shalt copy it in their Pains below.
Gods of Revenge arise.—He comes! he comes!
And shoots himself thro' all my kindling Blood.
I have it here.—Now base perfidious Wretch,
Now sigh, and Weep, and tremble in thy turn.
Yes, your *Ismena* shall appease my Vengeance.
Ismena dies: and thou her pitying Lover
Doom'dst her to Death.—Thou too shalt see her bleed;
See her convulsive Pangs, and hear her dying Groans;
Go, glut thy Eyes with thy ador'd *Ismena*,
And laugh at dying *Phædra*.

Hip. Oh *Ismena*!

Ism. Alas! my tender Soul wou'd shrink at Death,
Shake with its Fears, and sink beneath its Pains,
In any Cause but this.—But now I'm steel'd,
And the near Danger lessens to my sight.
Now, if I live, 'tis only for *Hippolitus*,
And with an equal Joy I'll dye to save him.
Yes, for his Sake I'll go a willing Shade,
And wait his coming in th' *Elysium* Fields,
And there enquire of each descending Ghost
Of my lov'd Heroe's Welfare, Life, and Honour.
That dear Remembrance will improve the Bliss;
Add to th' *Elysian* Joys, and make that Heav'n more happy.

Hip. Oh

Hip. Oh heav'nly Virgin! [*Aside.*] Oh imperial *Phædra*!
 Let your Rage fall on this devoted Head;
 But spare! oh spare a guiltless Virgins Life:
 Think of her Youth, her Innocence, her Virtue;
 Think with what warm Compassion she bemoans you,
 Think how she serv'd and watch'd you in your Sickness;
 How ev'ry rising and descending Sun
 Saw kind *Ismena* watching o'er the Queen.
 I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
 And I, and only I, shou'd feel your Justice.

Ism. Oh! by these Pow'rs, to whom I soon must answer
 For all my Faults, by that bright Arch of Heav'n
 I now last see, I wrought him by my Wiles,
 By Tears, by Threats, by ev'ry Female Art,
 Wrought his disdainful Soul to false Compliance.
 The Son of *Theseus* could not think of Fraud,
 'Twas Woman all.

Phæd. I see 'twas Woman all.
 And Womans Fraud shou'd meet with Womans Vengeance,
 But yet thy Courage, Truth, and Vertue shock me:
 A Love so warm, so firm, so like my own.
 Oh! had the Gods so pleas'd; had bounteous Heav'n
 Bestow'd *Hippolitus* on *Phædra's* Arms,
 So had I stood the shock of angry Fate;
 So had I giv'n my Life with Joy to save him.

Hip. And can you doom her Death? can *Minos* Daughter
 Condemn the Virtue which her Soul admires?
 Are not you *Phædra*? once the boast of Fame,
 Shame of our Sex, and Pattern of your own.

Phæd. Am I that *Phædra*? No.—Another Soul
 Informs my alter'd Frame. Could else *Ismena*
 Provoke my Hatred, yet deserve my Love?
 Aid me, ye Gods, support my sinking Glory,
 Restore my Reason, and confirm my Virtue.
 Yet, is my Rage unjust? Then why was *Phædra*
 Rescu'd for Torment, and preserv'd for Pain?
 Why did you raise me to the height of Joy,
 Above the wreck of Clouds and Storms below,

To dash and break me on the Ground for ever?

Ism. Was it not time to urge him to Compliance?
At least to feign it, when perfidious *Lycon*
Confin'd his Person, and conspir'd his Death.

Phæ. Confin'd and doom'd to Death — O cruel *Lycon*!
Cou'd I have doom'd thy Death — Cou'd these sad Eyes
That lov'd thee living e'er behold thee dead?
Yet thou cou'd'st see me dye without Concern,
Rather than save a wretched Queen from Ruin.
Else cou'd you chuse to trust the warring Winds,
The swelling Waves, the Rocks, the faithless Sands,
And all the raging Monsters of the Deep!
Oh! think you see me on the naked Shoar.
Think how I scream and tear my scatter'd Hair;
Break from th' Embraces of my shrieking Maids,
And harrow on the Sand my bleeding Bosom:
Then catch with wide stretch'd Arms the empty Billows,
And headlong plunge into the gaping Deep.

Hip. O, dismal State! my bleeding Heart Relents,
And all my Thoughts dissolve in tender'st Pity.

Phæ. If you can pity, O! refuse not Love;
But stoop to rule in *Crete* the Seat of Heroes,
And Nursery of Gods — A hundred Cities
Court thee for Lord, where the rich busie Crowds
Struggle for Passage thro' the spacious Streets;
Where thousand Ships o'ershade the less'ning Main,
And tire the lab'ring Wind The suppliant Nations
Bow to its Ensigns, and with lower'd Sails
Confess the Ocean's Queen. For thee alone
The Winds shall blow, and the vast Ocean roll.
For thee alone the fam'd *Cydonian* Warriours
From twanging Eughs shall send their fatal Shafts.

Hip. Then let me march their Leader, not their Prince;
And at the Head of your renown'd *Cydonians*,
Brandish this far fam'd Sword of conqu'ring *Theseus*;
That I may shake th' Egyptian Tyrants Yoke
From *Asia's* Neck, and fix it on his own;
That willing Nations may obey your Laws,

And

And your bright Ancestor the Sun may shine
On nought but *Phædra's* Empire.

Phæd. Why not thine?
Dost thou so far detest my proffer'd Bed,
As to refuse my Crown? — O, cruel Youth!
By all the Pain that Wings my tortur'd Soul;
By all the dear deceitful Hopes you gave me,
O! ease, at least once more delude my Sorrows;
For your dear Sake I've lost my darling Honour;
For you, but now I gave my Soul to Death:
For you I'd quit my Crown, and stoop beneath
The happy Bondage of an humble Wife.
With thee I'd climb the steepy *Ida's* summit,
And in the scorching Heat and chilling Dews,
O'er Hills, o'er Vales pursue the shaggy Lion;
Careless of Danger and of wasting Toil;
Of pinching Hunger and impatient Thirst;
I'd find all Joys in thee.

Hip. Why stoops the Queen
To ask, intreat, to supplicate and pray,
To prostitute her Crown and Sexes Honour;
To one whose humble Thoughts can only rise
To be your Slave, not Lord?

Phæd. And is that all:
Gods! does he deign to force an artful Groan?
Or call a Tear from his unwilling Eyes.
Hard as his native Rocks, cold as his Sword,
Fierce as the Wolves that howl around his Birth,
He hates the Tyrant, and the Suppliant scorns.
O Heav'n! O *Minos*! O imperial *Jove*!
Do ye not blush at my degenerate Weakness!
Hence lazy, mean, ignoble Passion fly;
Hence from my Soul — 'Tis gon, 'tis fled for ever,
And Heav'n inspires my Thoughts with righteous Vengeance.
Thou shalt no more despise my offer'd Love;
No more *Ismena* shall upbraid my Weakness.

[*Catches Hip. Sword to stab her self.*
Now all ye kindred Gods look down and see

How

How I'll revenge you, and my self, on *Phædra*.

Enter Lycon, and snatches away the Sword.

Lyc. Horror on horror! *Theseus* is return'd.

Phæd. *Theseus*! then what have I to do with Life?
May I be snatch'd with Winds, by Earth o'erwhelm'd,
Rather than view the Face of injur'd *Theseus*.

Now wider still my growing Horrors spread,
My Fame, my Vertue, nay my Frenzy's fled:
Then view thy wretched Blood, Imperial *Jove*,
If Crimes enrage you, or Misfortunes move;
On me your Flames, on me your Bolts employ,
Me if your Anger spares, your Pity should destroy.

[*Runs off.*

Lyc. This may do Service yet.

[*Exit Lycon, carries off the Sword.*

Hip. Is he return'd? Thanks to the pitying Gods.
Shall I again behold his awful Eyes?
Again be folded in his loving Arms?
Yet in the midst of Joy I fear for *Phædra*;
I fear his Warmth and unrelenting Justice.
O! should her raging Passion reach his Ears,
His tender Love, by Anger fir'd, wou'd turn
To burning Rage; as soft *Cydonian* Oyl,
Whose balmy Juice glides o'er th' untasting Tongue,
Yet toucht with Fire, with hottest Flames will blaze.
But oh ye Pow'rs! I see his Godlike Form.
O Extasie of Joy! He comes, he comes!
Is it my Lord? my Father? Oh! 'tis he:
I see him, touch him, feel his known Embraces
See all the Father in his joyful Eyes.

Enter Theseus, with others.

Where have you been, my Lord? What angry Dæmon
Hid you from *Crete*, from me?—What God has sav'd you?
Did not *Philautus* see you fall? O answer me!

F

And

And then I'll ask a thousand Questions more.

Thes. No : but to save my Life I feign'd my Death ;
My Horse and well known Arms confirm'd the Tale,
And hinder'd farther search. This honest Greek
Conceal'd me in his House, and cur'd my Wounds,
Procur'd a Vessel ; and to bless me more,
Accompany'd my Flight.——

But this at Leisure. Let me now indulge
A Father's Fondness ; let me snatch thee thus ;
Thus fold thee in my Arms : such, such was I
[*Embraces Hippolitus.*

When first I saw thy Mother, chaste *Camilla* ;
And much she lov'd me.—Oh ! did *Phædra* view me
With half that Fondness——But she's still unkind ;
Else hasty Joy had brought her to these Arms,
To welcome me to Liberty, to Life ;
And make that Life a Blessing. Come, my Son,
Let us to *Phædra*.

Hip. Pardon me, my Lord.

Thes. Forget her former Treatment ; she's too good
Still to persist in Hatred to my Son.

Hip. O ! let me fly from *Crete*, — from you, [*Aside.*] and
Phædra.

Thes. My Son, what means this turn ? this sudden start ?
Why would you fly from *Crete*, and from your Father ?

Hip. Not from my Father, but from lazy *Crete* ;
To follow Danger, and acquire Renown ;
To quell the Monsters that escap'd your Sword,
And make the World confess me *Thesens* Son.

Thes. What can this Coldness mean ? Retire my Son,
[*Exit Hippolitus.*

While I attend the Queen.—What shock is this ?
Why tremble thus my Limbs ? Why faints my Heart ?
Why am I thrill'd with Fear, till now unknown ?
Where's now the Joy, the Extasie, and Transport
That warm'd my Soul, and urg'd me on to *Phædra* ?
O ! had I never lov'd her I'd been blest.

Sorrow

Sorrow and Joy in Love alternat reign;
Sweet is the Bliss, distracting is the Pain.
So when the Nile its fruitful Deluge spreads,
And genial Heat informs its slimy Beds;
Here yellow Harvests crown the fertile Plain,
There monstrous Serpents fright the lab'ring Swain:
A various product fills the fatten'd Sand,
And the same Floods enrich and curse the Land.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT **F 2**

A C T IV.

Enter Lycon solus.

Lyc. **T**His may gain Time till all my Wealth's embark'd,
 To ward my Foes Revenge, and finish mine,
 And shake that Empire which I can't possess.
 But then the Queen——she dyes——why let her dye;
 Let wide Destruction seize on all together,
 So *Lycon* live.——A safe triumphant Exile,
 Great in Disgrace, and envy'd in his Fall.
 The Queen!——Then try thy Art and work her Passions,

Enter Phædra and Attendants.

Draw her to act what most her Soul abhors,
 Possess her whole, and speak thy self in *Phædra*.

Phæd. Off, let me loose; why cruel barb'rous Maids,
 Why am I barr'd from Death, the common Refuge,
 That spreads its hospitable Arms for all?
 Why must I drag th' insufferable Load
 Of foul Dishonour, and despairing Love?
 Oh! length of Pain! Am I so often dying,
 And yet not dead? Feel I so oft Death's Pangs?
 Nor once can find its Ease?

Lyc. Would you now dye?
 Now quit the Field to your insulting Foe?
 Then shall he triumph o'er your blasted Name:
 Ages to come, the Universe shall learn
 The wide Immortal Infamy of *Phædra*:
 And the poor Babe, the Idol of your Soul,
 The lovely Image of your dear dead Lord,
 Shall be upbraided with his Mother's Crimes;
 Shall bear your Shame, shall sink beneath your Faults;
 Inherit your Disgrace, but not your Crown.

Phæd. Must

Phæd. Must he too fall, involv'd in my Destruction,
And only live to curse the Name of *Phædra*?
Oh dear, unhappy Babe! must I bequeath thee
Only a sad Inheritance of Woe?
Gods! cruel Gods! can't all my Pains atone,
Unless they reach my Infant's guiltless Head?
Oh lost Estate! when Life's so sharp a Torment,
And Death it self can't ease! assist me, *Lycon*,
Advise, speak Comfort to my Troubled Soul.

Lyc. 'Tis you must drive that Trouble from your Soul;
As Streams when dam'd forget their ancient Currents,
And wond'ring at their Banks in other Channels flow;
So must you bend your Thoughts from hopeless Love,
So turn their Course to *Theseus's* happy Bosom,
And crown his eager Hopes with wish'd Enjoyment:
Then with fresh Charms adorn your troubl'd Looks,
Display the Beauties first inspir'd his Soul,
Sooth with your Voice, and wooe him with your Eyes.

Phæd. Impossible! What wooe him with these Eyes
Still wet with Tears that flow'd?——But not for *Theseus*?
This Tongue so us'd to sound another Name?
What! take him to my Arms, oh awful *Juno*!
Touch, Love, Caress him! while my wand'ring Fancy
On other Objects strays? a lewd Adultress
In the chaste Bed? and in the Father's Arms.
(Oh horrid Thought! oh execrable Incest!)
Ev'n in the Father's Arms embrace the Son?

Lyc. Yet you must see him, least impatient Love
Shou'd urge his Temper to too nice a search,
And ill-tim'd Absence should disclose your Crime.

Phæd. Cou'd I when present to his awful Eyes
Conceal the wild Disorders of my Soul?
Wou'd not my Groans, my Looks, my Speech betray me?
Betray thee, *Phædra*! then thou'rt not betray'd:
Live, live secure, adoring *Crete* conceals thee;
Thy pious Love, and most endearing Goodness
Will charm the kind *Hippolitus* to Silence.
Oh wretched *Phædra*! oh ill-guarded Secret!

To Foes alone disclos'd!

Lyc. I needs must fear them,
Spight of their Oaths, their Vows, their Imprecations.

Phæd. Do Imprecations, Oaths, or Vows avail?
I too have sworn, ev'n at the Altar sworn
Eternal Love and endless Faith to *Thesus*;
And yet am false, forsworn; the hallow'd Shrine,
That heard me swear, is Witness to my Falshood;
The Youth, the very Author of my Crimes,
Ev'n he shall tell the Fault himself inspir'd;
The fatal Eloquence that charm'd my Soul
Shall lavish all its Art to my Destruction.

Lyc. Oh he will tell it all.—Destruction seize him.—
With seeming Grief, and aggravating Pity,
And more to blacken will excuse your Folly;
False Tears shall wet his unrelenting Eyes,
And his glad Heart with artful Sighs shall heave:
Then *Thesus*,—How will Indignation swell
His mighty Heart? how his majestick Frame
Will shake with Rage too fierce, too swift for vent?
How he'll expose you to the publick Scorn,
And loathing Crowds shall murmur out their Horror?
Then the fierce *Scythian*—Now methinks I see
His fiery Eyes with sullen Pleasures glow,
Survey your Tortures, and insult your Pangs;
I see him, smiling on the pleas'd *Ismena*,
Point out with Scorn the once proud Tyrant *Phædra*.

Phæd. Curst be his Name! may Infamy attend him;
May swift Destruction fall upon his Head,
Hurl'd by the Hand of those he most adores.

Lyc. By Heaven, prophetick Truth inspires your Tongue;
He shall endure the Shame he means to give;
And all the Torments which he heaps on you,
With just Revenge shall *Thesus* turn on him.

Phæd. Is't possible? Oh *Lycon*! oh my Refuge!
Oh good old Man! thou Oracle of Wisdom,
Declare the means that *Phædra* may adore thee.

Lyc. Accuse

Lyc. Accuse him first.

Phæd. Oh Heavens! accuse the guiltless?

Lyc. Then be accus'd ; let *Theseus* know your Crime ;
Let lasting Infamy o'erwhelm your Glory ;
Let your Foe triumph, and your Infant fall——
Shake of this idle Lethargy of Pity,
With ready War prevent th' invading Foe,
Preserve your Glory, and secure your Vengeance:
Be yours the Fruit, Security, and Ease ;
The Guilt, the Danger, and the labour mine.

Phæd. Heav'ns, *Theseus* comes!

Enter Theseus.

Lyc. Declare your last Resolves.

Phæd. Do you resolve, for *Phædra* can do nothing.

[*Exit Phædra.*

Lyc. Now, *Lycon*, heighten his impatient Love,
Now raise his Pity, now enflame his Rage,
Quicken his Hopes, then quash 'em with Despair,
Work his tumultuous Passions into Frenzy ;
Unite 'em all, then turn them on the Foe.

Thes. Was that my Queen, my Wife, my Idol, *Phædra* ?
Does she still shun me? Oh injurious Heav'n!
Why did you give me back again to Life?
Why did you save me from the Rage of Battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal Hatred?

Lyc. Her hatred! no, she loves you with such Fondness,
As none but that of *Theseus* e'er could equal ;
Yet so the Gods have doom'd, so Heav'n will have it,
She ne'er must view her much lov'd *Theseus* more.

Thes. Not see her! by my Suff'rings but I will,
Tho' Troops embattl'd shou'd oppose my Passage,
And ready Death shou'd guard the fatal way.
Not see her! oh I'll clasp her in these Arms
Break thro' the idle Bands that yet have held me,
And seize the Joys my honest Love may claim.

Lyc. Is this a time for Joy? when *Phædra's* Grief —

Thes. Is this a time for Grief? Is this my welcome
To Air, to Life, to Liberty, and *Crete*?
Not this, I hop'd, when urg'd by ardent Love,
I wing'd my eager way to *Phædra's* Arms;
Then to my Thoughts relenting *Phædra* flew,
With open Arms to welcome my Return,
With kind endearing Blame condemn'd my Rashness,
And made me swear to venture out no more.
Oh my warm Soul! my boiling Fancy glow'd
With charming Hopes of yet untasted Joys;
New Pleasures fill'd my Mind, all Dangers, Pains,
Wars, Wounds, Defeats, in that dear Hope were lost.
And does she now avoid my eager Love,
Pursue me still with unrelenting Hatred,
Invent new Pains, detest, loath, shun my sight,
Fly my Return, and sorrow for my Safety?

Lyc. Oh think not so! for by th' unerring Gods,
When first I told her of your wish'd Return,
When the lov'd Name of *Thesens* reach't her Ears,
At that dear Name she rear'd her drooping Head,
Her feeble Hands, and wat'ry Eyes to Heav'n,
To bless the bounteous Gods: At that dear Name
The raging Tempest of her Grief was calm'd;
Her Sighs were hush'd, and Tears forgot to flow.

Thes. Did my Return bring Comfort to her Sorrow?
Then haste, conduct me to the lovely Mourner:
Oh I will kiss the pearly drops away;
Suck from her rosie Lips the fragrant Sighs;
With other Sighs her panting Breast shall heave,
With other Dews her swimming Eyes shall melt,
With other Pangs her throbbing Heart shall beat,
And all her Sorrows shall be lost in Love.

Lyc. Does *Thesens* burn with such unheard of Passion?
And must not she with out-stretch'd Arms receive him?
And with an equal ardour meet his Vows?
The Vows of one so dear! Oh righteous Gods!
Why must the bleeding Heart of *Thesens* bear

Such

Such tort'ring Pangs? while *Phædra* dead to Love,
Now with accusing Eyes on angry Heav'n
Stedfastly gazes, and upbraids the Gods;
Now with dumb piercing Grief, and humble Shame,
Fixes their gloomy watry Orbs to Earth;
Now burst with swelling Anguish, rends the Skies
With loud Complaints of her outrageous Wrongs?

Thes. Wrong'd! Is she wrong'd? And lives he yet that
wrong'd her?

Lyc. He lives, so great, so happy, so lov'd,
That *Phædra* scarce can hope, scarce wish Revenge.

Thes. Shall *Theseus* live, and not revenge his *Phædra*?
Gods! shall this Arm, renown'd for righteous Vengeance,
For quelling Tyrants, and redressing Wrongs,
Now fail? now first, when *Phædra's* injur'd, fail?
Speak, *Lycon*, haste, declare the secret Villain,
The Wretch so meanly base to injure *Phædra*,
So rashly brave to dare the Sword of *Theseus*.

Lyc. I dare not speak, but sure her Wrongs are mighty,
The pale cold hue that dead'ns all her Charms,
Her Sighs, her hollow Groans, her flowing Tears
Make me suspect her monstrous Grief will end her.

Thes. End her, end *Theseus* first, and all Mankind;
But most that Villain, that detested Slave,
That brutal Coward, that dark lurking Wretch.

Lyc. Oh noble Heat of unexempl'd Love!
This *Phædra* hop'd when in the midst of Grief,
In the wild Torrent of o'erwhelming Sorrows,
She groaning still invok'd, still call'd on *Theseus*.

Thes. Did she then name me, did the weeping Charmer
Invoke my Name, and call for Aid on *Theseus*?
Oh that lov'd Voice upbraided my Delay.
Why then this stay? I come, I fly, Oh *Phædra*!
Lead on——Now, dark Disturber of my Peace,
If now thou'rt known, what Luxury of Vengeance——
Haste, lead, conduct me.

Lyc. Oh! I beg you stay.

G

Thes.

Thes. What! stay when *Phædra* calls?

Lyc. Oh! on my Knees,

By all the Gods, my Lord, I beg you stay;
As you respect your Peace, your Life, your Glory:
As *Phædra's* Days are precious to your Soul;
By all your Love, by all her Sorrows stay.

Thes. Where lies the Danger? Wherefore should I stay?

Lyc. Your sudden Presence wou'd surprize her Soul,
Renew the galling Image of her Wrongs,
Revive her Sorrow, Indignation, Shame
And all your Son wou'd strike her from your Eyes.

Thes. My Son.—But he's too good, too brave to wrong her.
—Whence then that shocking Change, that strong Surprize;
That Fright that seiz'd him at the Name of *Phædra*.

Lyc. Was he surpriz'd that shou'd at least Remorse?

Thes. Remorse! for what? by Heav'n's my troubled Thoughts
Presage some dire Attempt.——Say what Remorse.

Lyc. I wou'd not,—Yet I must.—This you command;
This *Phædra* orders; thrice her fault'ring Tongue
Bad me unfold the guilty Scene to *Thesens*:

Thrice with loud Cries recall'd me on my way,
And blam'd my Speed, and chid my rash Obedience;
Least the unwelcome Tale shou'd wound your Peace.

At last, with Looks serenely sad, she cry'd
Go tell it all; but in such artful Words,
Such tender Accents, and such melting Sounds
As may appease his Rage, and move his Pity;
As may incline him to forgive his Son
A grievous Fault, but still a Fault of Love.

Thes. Of Love! what strange Suspicions wrack my Soul?
As you regard my Peace declare what Love.

Lyc. So urg'd I must declare; yet, pitying Heav'n,
Why must I speak? why must unwilling *Lycon*
Accuse the Prince of impious Love to *Phædra*?

Thes. Love to his Mother! to the Wife of *Thesens*.

Lyc. Yes, at the Moment first he view'd her Eyes,
Ev'n at the Altar when you joyn'd your Hands,

His

His easie Heart receiv'd the guilty Flame,
And from that time he prest her with his Passion.

Thes. Then 'twas for this she banish'd him from *Crete*.
I thought it Hatred all: Oh righteous Hatred!
Forgive me, Heav'n, forgive me, injur'd *Phædra*,
That I in Secret have condemn'd thy Justice.
Oh! 'twas all just, and *Thesens* shall revenge,
Ev'n on his Son, revenge his *Phædra's* Wrongs.

Lyc. What easie Tools are these blunt honest Heroes,
Who with keen Hunger gorge the naked Hook,
Prevent the Bate the Statesman's Art prepares,
And post to Ruin.——Go, believing Fool,
Go act thy far fam'd Justice on thy Son,
Next on thy self, and both make way for *Lycon*. [Aside.

Thes. Ha! am I sure she's wrong'd? Perhaps 'tis Malice.
Slave, make it clear, make good your Accusation,
Or treble Fury shall revenge my Son.

Lyc. Am I then doubted? and can faithful *Lycon*
Be thought to forge such execrable Falshoods?
Gods! when the Queen unwillingly complains,
Can you suspect her Truth? Oh Godlike *Thesens*!
Is this the Love you bear unhappy *Phædra*?
Is this her hop'd for Aid? go wretched Matron
Sigh to the Winds, and rend th' unpitying Heavens
With thy vain Sorrows; since relentless *Thesens*,
Thy Hope, thy Refuge, *Thesens*, will not hear thee.

Thes. Not hear my *Phædra*! not revenge her Wrongs!
Speak, make thy Proofs, and then his Doom's as fixt
As when *Jove* speaks, and high *Olympus* shakes,
And Fate his Voice obeys.

Lyc. Bear Witness, Heav'n,
With what Reluctance I produce this Sword,
This fatal Proof against th' unhappy Prince,
Lest it shou'd work your Justice to his Ruin,
And prove he aim'd at Force, as well as Incest.

Thes. Gods! 'tis Illusion all! Is this the Sword
By which *Procrustes*, *Scyron*, *Pallas* fell?

Is this the Weapon which my darling Son
Swore to employ in nought but Acts of Honour?
Now, faithful Youth, thou nobly hast fulfill'd
Thy gen'rous Promise. Oh most injur'd *Phædra*!
Why did I trust to his deceitful Form?

Why blame thy Justice, or suspect thy Truth?

Lyc. Had you this Morn beheld his ardent Eyes,
Seen his Arm lockt in her dishevel'd Hair,
That Weapon glitt'ring o'er her trembling Bosom,
Whilst she with screams refus'd his impious Love,
Entreating Death, and rising to the Wound.

Oh! had you seen her when the frightened Youth
Retir'd at your Approach; had you then seen her,
In the chaste Transports of becoming Fury,
Seize on the Sword to pierce her guiltless Bosom,
Had you seen this, you cou'd not doubt her Truth.

Thef. Oh impious Monster! Oh forgive me *Phædra*!
And may the Gods inspire my injur'd Soul
With equal Vengeance that may suit his Crimes.

Lyc. For *Phædra*'s Sake forbear to talk of Vengeance;
That with new Pains wou'd wound her tender Breast:
Send him away from *Crete*, and by his Absence
Give *Phædra* Quiet; and afford him Mercy.

Thef. Mercy! for what! Oh! well has he rewarded
Poor *Phædra*'s Mercy.——Oh most barb'rous Traytor!
To wrong such Beauty, and insult such Goodness.
Mercy! what's that? A Vertue coin'd by Villains;
Who praise the Weakness which supports their Crimes.
Be mute, and fly, lest when my Rage is rous'd,
Thou for thy self in vain implore my Mercy.

Lyc. Dull Fool, I laugh at Mercy more than thou dost,
More than I do the Justice thou'rt so fond of.
Now come, young Heroe, to thy Father's Arms,
Receive the due Reward of haughty Vertue;
Now boast thy Race, and laugh at Earth-born *Lycon*. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Hippolitus.

Thes. Yet can it be.———Is this th' incestuous Villain?
How great his Presence, how erect his Look,
How ev'ry Grace, how all his vertuous Mother
Shines in his Face, and charms me from his Eyes.
Oh *Neptune*! Oh, great Founder of our Race!
Why was he fram'd with such a Godlike Look?
Why wears he not some most detested Form,
Baleful to sight, as horrible to Thought,
That I might act my Justice without Grief,
Punish the Villain, nor regret the Son?

Hip. May I presume to ask what secret Care
Broods in your Breast, and clouds your royal Brow?
Why dart your awful Eyes those angry Beams,
And fright *Hippolitus*, they us'd to chear.

Thes. Answer me first; when call'd to wait on *Phædra*,
What sudden Fear surpriz'd your troubl'd Soul?
Why did your ebbing Blood forsake your Cheeks?
Why did you hasten from your Father's Arms
To shun the Queen your Duty bids you please?

Hip. My Lord, to please the Queen I'm forc'd to shun her,
And keep this hated Object from her sight.

Thes. Say what's the Cause of her invet'rate Hatred?

Hip. My Lord, as yet I never gave her Cause.

Thes. Oh were it so! [*Aside.*] when last did you attend her?

Hip. When last attend her———Oh unhappy Queen!
Your Error's known, yet I disdain to wrong you,
Or to betray a Fault my self have caus'd. [*Aside.*]
When last attend her?———

Thes. Answer me directly;
Nor dare to trifle with your Father's Rage.

Hip. My Lord, this very Morn I saw the Queen.

Thes. What past?

Hip. I ask'd Permission to retire.

Thes.

Thes. And was that all?

Hip. My Lord, I humbly beg
With the most low Submissions, ask no more.

Thes. Yet you don't answer with your low Submissions.
Answer, or never hope to see me more.

Hip. Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling;
And the poor Queen's betray'd and lost for ever. [*Aside.*

Thes. He changes, Gods! and falters at the Question:
His Fears, his Words, his Looks declare him guilty. [*Aside.*

Hip. Why do you frown, my Lord? why turn away,
As from some loathsome Monster, not your Son?

Thes. Thou art that Monster, and no more my Son.
Not one of those of the most horrid Form,
Of which my Hand has eas'd the burthen'd Earth,
Was half so shocking to my Sight as thou.

Hip. Where am I, Gods? Is that my Father *Thesens*?
Am I awake? Am I *Hippolitus*?

Thes. Thou art that Fiend; thou art *Hippolitus*.
Thou art!———Oh fall! Oh fatal Stain to Honour!
How had my vain Imagination form'd thee?
Brave as *Alcides*, and as *Minos* just:
Sometimes it led me thro' the Maze of War;
There it survey'd thee ranging thro' the Field,
Mowing down Troops, and dealing out Destruction:
Sometimes with wholsom Laws reforming States,
Crowning their happy Joys with Peace and Plenty,
While you ———

Hip. With all my Father's Soul inspir'd,
Burnt with impatient Thirst of early Honour,
To hunt thro' bloody Fields the Chase of Glory,
And bless your Age with Trophies like your own.
Gods! how that warm'd me! how my throbbing Heart
Leapt to the Image of my Father's Joy!
When you shou'd strain me in your folding Arms,
And with kind Raptures, and with sobbing Joys
Commend my Valour, and confess your Son,
How did I think my glorious Toyl o'er paid?

Then

Then great indeed, and in my Father's Love,
With more than Conquest crown'd? Go on, *Hippolitus*,
Go tread the rugged Paths of daring Honour;
Practice the strictest, and austereſt Vertue,
And all the rigid Laws of righteous *Minos*;
Theſeus, thy Father *Theſeus* will reward thee.

Theſ. Reward thee——Yes, as *Minos* wou'd reward thee.
Was *Minos* then thy Pattern? and did *Minos*,
The Great, the Good, the Juſt, the Righteous *Minos*,
The Judge of Hell, and Oracle of Earth,
Did he inſpire Adultery, Force, and Inceſt?

Iſmena appears.

Iſm. Ha! what's this?

[*Aside.*

Hip. Amazement! Inceſt——

Theſ. Inceſt with *Phædra*, with thy Mother *Phædra*,

Hip. This Charge ſo unexpected, ſo amazing,
So new, ſo ſtrange, impoſſible to Thought,
Stuns my aſtoniſh'd Soul, and tyes my Voice.

Theſ. Then let this wake thee, this once glorious Sword
With which thy Father arm'd thy Infant Hand,
Not for this Purpoſe. Oh abandon'd Slave!
Oh early Villain! moſt deteſted Coward!
With this my Inſtrument of youthful Glory!
With this,——Oh noble Entrance into Arms!
With this t' invade the ſpotleſs *Phædra*'s Honour.
Phædra! my Life! my better half, my Queen:
That very *Phædra*, for whoſe juſt Defence
The Gods wou'd claim thy Sword.

Hip. Amazement! Death!!

Heav'ns! Durſt I raiſe the far fam'd Sword of *Theſeus*
Againſt his Queen, againſt my Mother's Boſom.

Theſ. If not, declare when, where, and how you loſt it?
How *Phædra* gain'd it? Oh all the Gods! he's ſilent.
Why was it bar'd? whoſe Boſom was it aim'd at?
What meant thy Arm advanc'd, thy glowing Cheeks,

Thy

Thy Hand, Heart, Eyes? Oh Villain! monstrous Villain.

Hip. Is there no Way, no Thought, no Beam of Light?

No clue to guide me thro' this gloomy Maze,

To clear my Honour, yet preserve my Faith?

None! none ye Pow'rs! and must I groan beneath

This execrable Load of foul Dishonour?

Must *Thesens* suffer such unheard of Torture!

Thesens my Father! no, I'll break thro' all;

All Oaths, all Vows, all idle Imprecations,

I give 'em to the Winds: Hear me, my Lord,

Hear your wrong'd Son. The Sword——Oh fatal Vow!

Ensnaring Oaths, and thou, rash thoughtless Fool,

To bind thy self in voluntary Chains;

Yet to thy fatal Trust continue firm:

Beneath Disgrace, tho' infamous yet honest.

Yet hear me, Father, may the righteous Gods

Show'r all their Curses on this wretched Head.

Oh may they doom me! ——

Thes. Yes, the Gods will doom thee.

The Sword, the Sword, now swear, and call to witness

Heav'n, Hell, and Earth, I mark it not from one

That breaths beneath such complicated Guilt.

Hip. Was that like Guilt, when with expanded Arms

I sprang to meet you at your wish'd Return?

Does this appear like Guilt? when thus serene,

With Eyes erect, and Visage unapall'd,

Fixt on that awful Face, I stand the Charge;

Amaz'd, not fearing, say, if I am guilty,

Where are the conscious Looks, the Face now pale,

Now flushing red, the down-cast haggard Eyes,

Or fixt on Earth, or slowly rais'd to catch

A fearful view, then sunk again with Horror?

Thes. This is for raw, untaught, unfinish'd Villains.

Thou in thy Bloom hast reach'd th' abhorr'd Perfection;

Thy even Looks cou'd wear a peaceful Calm:

The beauteous Stamp, (oh Heavens!) of faultless Vertue,

While thy foul Heart contriv'd this horrid Deed.

Oh!

Oh harden'd Fiend, can't such transcending Crimes
Disturb thy Soul, or ruffle thy smooth Brow?
What no Remorse! no Qualms! no pricking Pangs!
No feeble Struggle of rebelling Honour!
O 'twas thy Joy! thy secret Hoard of Bliss,
To Dream, to Ponder, act it o'er in Thought;
To doat, to dwell on: as rejoicing Misers
Brood o'er their precious Stores of secret Gold.

Hip. Must I not speak? Then say, unerring Heav'n,
Why was I born with such a Thirst of Glory?
Why did this Morning dawn to my Dishonour?
Why did not pitying Fate with ready Death
Prevent the Guilty Day?

Thef. Guilty indeed.

Ev'n at the time you heard your Father's Death,
And such a Father (oh immortal Gods!)
As held thee dearer than his Life and Glory;
When thou shoud'st rend the Skies with clam'rous Grief,
Beat thy sad Breast, and tear thy starting Hair;
Then to my Bed to force your impious way,
With horrid Lust t'insult my yet warm Urn;
Make me the Scorn of Hell, and Sport for Fiends.
These are the Fun'ral Honours paid to *Thefeus*,
These are the Sorrows, these the hallow'd Rites,
To which you'd call your Father's hov'ring Spirit.

Enter Ismena.

Ism. Hear me, my Lord, e'er yet you fix his Doom.

[*Turning to Theseus.*

Hear one that comes to shield his injur'd Honour,
And guard his Life with Hazard of her own.

Thef. Tho' thou'rt the Daughter of my hated Foe,
Tho' ev'n thy Beauty's loathsome to my Eyes,
Yet Justice bids me hear thee.

Ism. Thus I thank you.

[*Kneels.*

Then know, mistaken Prince, his honest Soul
Cou'd ne'er be sway'd by impious Love to *Phædra*,
Since I before engag'd his early Vows,
With all my Wiles subdu'd his struggling Heart;

H

For

For long his Duty struggl'd with his Love.

Thes. Speak, is this true? on thy Obedience speak.

Hip. So charg'd, I own the dang'rous Truth; I own,
Against her Will, I lov'd the fair *Ismena*.

Thes. Canst thou be only clear'd by Disobedience,
And justify'd by Crimes.—What! love my Foe!

Love one descended from a Race of Tyrants,
Whose Blood yet reaks on my avenging Sword.

I'm curst each Moment I delay thy Fate:

Haste to the Shades, and tell the happy *Pallas*

Ismena's Flames, and let him taste such Joys

As thou giv'st me; go tell applauding *Minos*

The pious Love you bore his Daughter *Phædra*;

Tell it the chat'ring Ghosts, and hissing Furies,

Tell it the grinning Fiends, till Hell found nothing

To thy pleas'd Ears but *Phædra* and *Ismena*.

Enter Cratander.

Seize him, *Cratander*, take this guilty Sword,

Let his own Hand avenge the Crimes it acted,

And bid him die, at least, like *Theseus* Son,

Take him away, and execute my Orders.

Hip. Heav'ns! how that strikes me! how it wounds my
Soul!

To think of your unutterable Sorrows,

When you shall find *Hippolitus* was guiltless!

Yet when you know the Innocence you doom'd,

When you shall mourn your Son's unhappy Fate,

Oh I beseech you by the Love you bore me,

With my last Words, my Words will then prevail;

Oh for my Sake forbear to touch your Life,

Nor wound again *Hippolitus* in *Theseus*.

Let all my Vertues, all my Joys survive

Fresh in your Breast, but be my Woes forgot;

The Woes which Fate, and not my Father wrought.

Oh! let me dwell for ever in your Thoughts,

Let me be honour'd still, but not deplor'd.

Thes. Then thy chief Care is for thy Father's Life.

Oh blooming Hypocrite! oh young Dissembler!

Well

Well hast thou shown the Care thou tak'st of *Theseus*.
 Oh all ye Gods! how this enflames my Fury!
 I scarce can hold my Rage; my eager Hands
 Tremble to reach thee. No, dishonour'd *Theseus*,
 Blot not thy Fame with such a Monster's Blood.
 Snatch him away.

Hip. Lead on. Farewel, *Ismena*.

Ism. Oh! take me with him, let me share his Fate.
 Oh awful *Theseus*! yet revoke his Doom:
 See, see the very Ministers of Death,
 Tho' bred to Blood, yet shrink, and wish to save him.

Thes. Slaves, Villains, tear her from him, cut her Arms off.

Ism. Oh! tear me, cut me, till my sever'd Limbs
 Grow to my Lord, and share the Pains he suffers.

Thes. Villains, away.

Ism. O *Theseus*! hear me, hear me.

Thes. Away, nor taint me with thy loathsome Touch.
 Off, Woman.

Ism. Stay, oh stay! I'll tell you all.

[Exit *Theseus*.]

Already gone, tell it ye conscious Walls;
 Bear it ye Winds upon your pitying Wings;
 Resound it, Fame, with all your hundred Tongues:
 Oh hapless Youth! all Heav'n conspires against you.
 The conscious Walls conceal the fatal Secret:
 Th' untainted Winds refuse th' infecting Load,
 And Fame it self is mute.—Nay, even *Ismena*,
 Thy own *Ismena*'s sworn to thy Destruction.

But still, whate'er the cruel Gods design,
 In the same Fate our equal Stars combine,
 And he that dooms thy Death pronounces mine.

The End of the Fourth Act.

A C T V.

Enter Phædra and Lycon.

Lyc. Accuse your self! Oh! on my Knees I beg you,
 By all the Gods, recal the fatal Message.
 Heav'ns! will you stand the dreaded Rage of *Theseus*?
 And brand your Fame, and work your own Destruction.

Phæd. By thee I'm branded, and by thee destroy'd;
 Thou Bosom Serpent, thou alluring Fiend:
 Yet shan't you boast the Miseries you cause,
 Nor scape the Ruin you have brought on all.

Lyc. Was it not your Command? Has faithful *Lycon*
 E'er spoke, e'er thought, design'd, contriv'd, or acted?
 Has he done ought without the Queen's Consent?

Phæd. Plead'st thou Consent to what thou first inspir'dst?
 Was that Consent? O senseless Politician!
 When adverse Passions struggl'd in my Breast,
 When Anger, Fear, Love, Sorrow, Guilt, Despair
 Drove out my Reason, and usurp'd my Soul.
 Yet this Consent you plead, O faithful *Lycon*!
 Oh! only zealous for the Fame of *Phædra*!
 With this you blot my Name, and clear your own;
 And what's my Frenzy, will be call'd my Crime:
 What then is thine? thou cool deliberate Villain,
 Thou wise fore-thinking, weighing Politician.

Lyc. Oh! 'twas so black my frighten'd Tongue recoil'd
 At its own sound, and Horror shook my Soul.
 Yet still, tho' pierc'd with such amazing Anguish,
 Such was my Zeal, so much I lov'd my Queen,
 I broke through all to save the Life of *Phædra*.

Phæd. What's Life? Oh all ye Gods! can Life atone
 For all the monstrous Crimes by which 'tis bought?
 Or can I live? when thou, oh Soul of Honour!

Oh

Oh early Heroe! by my Crimes art ruin'd.
 Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy Youth
 Falls by the fordid Hands of Butchering Villains;
 Now, now he bleeds, he dies——Oh perjur'd Traytor!
 See his rich Blood in Purple Torrents flows,
 And Nature fallies in unbidden Groans;
 Now mortal Pangs distort his lovely Form,
 His Rosie Beauties fade, his Starry Eyes
 Now darkling swim, and fix their closing Beams,
 Now in short Gasps his lab'ring Spirit heaves,
 And weakly flutters on his fault'ring Tongue,
 And struggles into Sound. Hear, Monster, hear
 With his last Breath he curses perjur'd *Phædra*:
 He summons *Phædra* to the Bar of *Minos*;
 Thou too shalt there appear; to torture thee
 Whole Hell shall be employ'd, and suff'ring *Phædra*
 Shall find some Ease to see thee still more wretched.

Lyc. Oh all ye Powers! Oh *Phædra*! hear me, hear me,
 By all my Zeal, by all my anxious Cares,
 By those unhappy Crimes I wrought to serve you,
 By these old wither'd Limbs, and hoary Hairs,
 By all my Tears,——Oh Heav'ns! she minds me not,
 She hears not my Complaints. Oh wretched *Lycon*!
 To what art thou reserv'd?

Phæd. Reserv'd to all
 The sharpest, slowest Pains that Earth can furnish,
 To all I wish——on *Phædra*——Guards secure him.

Lycon carried off.

Ha! *Theseus*, Gods! my freezing Blood congeals;
 And all my Thoughts, Designs, and Words are lost.

Enter Theseus.

Thef. Dost thou at last repent? Oh lovely *Phædra*!
 At last with equal Ardour meet my Vows:

O dear

O dear bought Blessing! yet I'll not complain,
 Since now my sharpest Grief is all o'erpaid,
 And only heightens Joy.—Then haste, my Charmer,
 Let's feast our famish'd Souls with amorous Riot,
 With fiercest Bliss atone for our Delay,
 And in a Moment love the Age we've lost.

Phæd. Stand off, approach me, touch me not; fly hence,
 Far as the distant Skies or deepest Center.

Thes. Amazement! Death! ye Gods that guide the World,
 What can this mean? so fierce a Detestation,
 So strong Abhorrence—Speak, exquisite Tormentor!
 Was it for this your Summons fill'd my Soul
 With eager Raptures, and tumultuous Transports?
 Ev'n painful Joys, and Agonies of Bliss.
 Did I for this obey my *Phædra's* call,
 And fly with trembling haste to meet her Arms?
 And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel *Phædra*!
 Was it for this you rous'd my drouzie Soul
 From the dull Lethargy of hopeless Love?
 And dost thou only show those beauteous Eyes
 To wake Despair, and blast me with their Beams?

Phæd. Oh! were that all to which the Gods have
 doom'd me,
 But angry Heav'n has laid in Store for *Theseus*
 Such perfect Mischief, such transcendent Woe,
 That the black Image shocks my frightened Soul,
 And the Words dye on my reluctant Tongue.

Thes. Fear not to speak it; that harmonious Voice
 Will make the saddest Tale of Sorrow pleasing,
 And charm the Grief it brings.—Thus let me hear it,
 Thus in thy Sight, thus gazing on those Eyes,
 I can support the utmost Spite of Fate,
 And stand the Rage of Heav'n.—Approach, my Fair—

Phæd. Off, or I fly for ever from thy sight:
 Shall I embrace the Father of *Hippolitus*?

Thes. Forget the Villain, drive him from your Soul.

*

Phæd.

Phæd. Can I forget? Can I drive from my Soul?
Oh! he will still be present to my Eyes;
His Words will ever echo in my Ears;
Still will he be the Torture of my Days,
Bane of my Life, and Ruin of my Glory.

Thes. And mine and all—— Oh most abandon'd Villain!
Oh lasting Scandal to our Godlike Race!
That cou'd contrive a Crime so foul as Incest.

Phæd. Incest! Oh name it not!——
The very mention shakes my inmost Soul:
The Gods are startled in their peaceful Mansions,
And Nature sickens at the shocking Sound:
Thou brutal Wretch! thou execrable Monster!
To break thro' all the Laws that early flow
From untaught Reason, and distinguish Man;
Mix like the senseless Herd with bestial Lust,
Mother and Son preposterously wicked;
To banish from thy Soul the Reverence due
To Honour, Nature, and the genial Bed,
And injure one so great, so good as *Thesens*.

Thes. To injure one so great, so good as *Phædra*;
Oh Slave! to wrong such Purity as thine,
Such dazzling Brightness, such exalted Vertue.

Phæd. Vertue! all-seeing Gods, you know my Vertue.
Must I support all this? O righteous Heav'n!
Can't I yet speak? Reproach I could have born,
Pointed his Satyrs, Stings, and edg'd his Rage,
But to be prais'd—Now, *Minos*, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful Magazines of Pains,
Stones, Furies, Wheels are slight to what I suffer,
And Hell it self's Relief.

Thes. What's Hell to thee?
What Crimes couldst thou commit? or what Reproaches
Cou'd Innocence so pure as *Phædra's* Fear.
O thou'rt the chastest Matron of thy Sex,
The fairest Pattern of excelling Vertue;
Our latest Annals shall record thy Glory.

The Maids Example, and the Matron's Theme,
 Each skilful Artist shall express thy Form,
 In animated Gold——The threatening Sword
 Shall hang for ever o'er thy snowy Bosom;
 Such Heav'nly Beauty on thy Face shall bloom,
 As shall almost excuse the Villain's Crime;
 But yet that Firmness, that unshaken Vertue,
 As still shall make the Monster more detested.
 Where e'er you pass, the crouded way shall sound
 With joyful Cryes, and endless Acclamations:
 And when aspiring Bards, in daring strains
 Shall raise some Heav'nly Matron to the Pow'rs,
 They'll say she's Great, she's True, she's Chast as *Phædra*.

Phæd. This might have been.—But now, oh cruel Stars!
 Now, as I pass, the crouded way shall sound
 With hissing Scorn, and murm'ring Detestation:
 The latest Annals shall record my Shame;
 And when th'avenging Muse with pointed Rage
 Wou'd sink some impious Woman down to Hell,
 She'll say she's False, she's Base, she's Foul as *Phædra*.

Thes. Hadst thou been foul, had horrid Violation
 Cast any Stains on Purity like thine,
 They're wash'd already in the Villain's Blood;
 The very Sword, his Instrument of Horror,
 E're this time drench'd in his incestuous Heart,
 Has done thee Justice, and aveng'd the Crimes
 He us'd it to perform.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Alas! my Lord,
 E're this the Prince is dead.—I saw *Cratander*
 Give him a Sword—I saw him boldly take it,
 Rear it on high, and point it to his Breast;
 With steady Hands, and with disdainful Looks,
 As one that fear'd not Death, but scorn'd to dye,
 And not in Battle.—A loud Clamour follow'd:

*

And

And all surrounding Soldiers hid from my Sight,
But all pronounc'd him Dead.

Phæd. Is he then Dead?

Thes. Yes, yes, he's dead, and dead by my Command;
And in this dreadful Act of mournful Justice,
I'm more renown'd than in my dear bought Lawrels.

Phæd. Then thou'rt renown'd indeed. ——— Oh happy
Thesens!

Oh! only worthy of the Love of *Phædra!*
Haste then, let's joyn our well-met Hands together;
Unite for ever, and defie the Gods
To shew a pair so eminently wretched.

Thes. Wretched! for what? for what the World must
praise me.
For what the Nations shall adore my Justice,
A Villain's Death?

Phæd. *Hippolitus* a Villain!
Oh! he was all his Godlike Sire cou'd wish,
The Pride of *Thesens*, and the Hopes of *Crete*.
Nor did the bravest of his Godlike Race
Tread with such early Hopes the Paths of Honour.

Thes. What can this mean? Declare, ambiguous *Phædra*;
Say whence these shifting Gusts of clashing Rage?
Why are thy doubtful Speeches dark and troubl'd,
As *Cretan* Seas when vext by warring Winds?
Why is a Villain, with alternate Passion,
Accus'd and prais'd, detested and deplor'd?

Phæd. Canst thou not guess?—
Canst thou not read it in my furious Passions?
In all the wild Disorders of my Soul?
Cou'dst thou not see it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the daring Youth to Acts of Honour?
Cou'dst thou not find it in the gen'rous Truth,
Which sparkl'd in his Eyes, and open'd in his Face?
Cou'dst not perceive it in the chaste Reserve?
In every Word and Look, each Godlike Act,
Cou'dst thou not see *Hippolitus* was guiltless?

Thes. Guiltless! Oh all ye Gods! what can this mean?

*

I

Phæd.

Phæd. Mean! that the Guilt is mine, that vertuous *Phædra*,
The Maids Example, and the Matron's Theme
With bestial Passion woo'd your loathing Son.
And when deny'd——With impious Accusation
Sully'd the Lustre of his shining Honour;
Of my own Crimes accus'd the Faultless Youth,
And with ensnaring Wiles destroy'd that Vertue
I try'd in vain to shake.

Thes. Is he then guiltless?
Guiltless! Then what art thou? and oh just Heav'n!
What a detested Parricide is *Thesens*?

Phæd. What am I? what indeed! but one more black
Than Earth, or Hell e'er bore. O horrid Mixture
Of Crimes, and Woes, of Parricide, and Incest,
Perjury, Murther; to arm the erring Father
Against the guiltless Son. O impious *Lycon*!
In what a Hell of Woes thy Arts have plung'd me.

Thes. *Lycon*! Here, Guards,———Oh most abandon'd
Villain!

Secure him, seize him, drag him Piece-Meal hither.

Enter Guards.

Guards. Who has, my Lord, incurr'd your high Dis-
pleasure?

Thes. Who can it be, ye Gods, but perjur'd *Lycon*?
Who can inspire such Storms of Rage, but *Lycon*?
Where has my Sword left one so black, but *Lycon*?
Where! wretched *Thesens*! in thy Bed and Heart,
The very darling of my Soul and Eyes;
Oh beauteous Fiend! but trust not to thy Form.
You too, my Son, was fair, your manly Beauties
Charm'd every Heart (O Heavens!) To your Destruction.
You too were good, your vertuous Soul abhorr'd
The Crimes for which you dy'd. Oh impious *Phædra*!
Incestuous Fury! Execrable Murtherefs!
Is there Revenge on Earth, or Pain in Hell,
Can Art invent, or boiling Rage suggest,
Ev'n endless Torture which thou shalt not suffer?

Phæd. And is there ought on Earth I wou'd not suffer?

O!

O! were there Vengeance equal to my Crimes,
Thou needst not claim it, most unhappy Youth,
From any Hands but mine: T' avenge thy Fate
I'd court the fiercest Pains, and sue for Tortures;
And *Phædra's* Suff'rings shou'd atone for thine:
Ev'n now I fall a Victim to thy Wrongs;
Ev'n now a fatal Draught works out my Soul,
Ev'n now it curdles in my shrinking Veins
The lazy Blood, and freezes at my Heart.

Lycon brought in.

Thes. Hast thou escap'd my Wrath? yet, impious *Lycon*,
On thee I'll empty all my hoard of Vengeance,
And glut my boundless Rage.

Lyc. O! Mercy, Mercy.

Thes. Such thou shalt find as thy best Deeds deserve,
Such as thy guilty Soul can hope from *Theseus*;
Such as thou shew'dst to poor *Hippolitus*.

Lyc. Oh chain me! whip me! let me be the Scorn
Of sordid Rabbles, and insulting Crowds,
Give me but Life, and make that Life most wretched.

Phæd. Art thou so base, so spiritless a Slave?
Not so the lovely Youth thy Arts have ruin'd,
Not so he bore the Fate to which you doom'd him.

Thes. Oh abject Villain! yet it gives me Joy
To see the Fears that shake thy guilty Soul,
Enhance thy Crimes, and antedate thy Woes;
O! how thou'lt howl thy fearful Soul away;
While laughing Crowds shall echo to thy Cries,
And make thy Pains their Sport. Haste hence, away with him,
Drag him to all the Torments Earth can furnish,
Let him be wrackt and gancht, impal'd alive;
Then let the mangl'd Monster, fixt on high,
Grin o'er the shouting Crowd, and glut their Vengeance.
And is this all? and art thou now appeas'd?
Will this atone for poor *Hippolitus*?

Oh ungorg'd Appetite! Oh rav'nous Thirst
Of a Son's Blood! What not a Day, a Moment!

Phæd. A Day! a Moment! oh! thou should'st have staid
I 2 Years,

Years, Ages, all the round of circling Time,
E'er touch'd the Life of that consummat Youth.

Thes. And yet with Joy I flew to his Destruction,
Boasted his Fate, and triumph'd in his Ruin.

Not this I promis'd to his dying Mother,
When in her mortal Pangs she sighing gave me
The last cold Kisses from her trembling Lips,
And reach'd her feeble wand'ring Hands to mine,
When her last Breath now quiv'ring at her Mouth,
Implor'd my Goodness to her lovely Son;

To her *Hippolitus*. He, alas! descends
An early Victim to the lazy Shades,
(Oh Heav'n and Earth!) by *Thesens* doom'd, descends.

Phæd. He's doom'd by *Thesens*, but accus'd by *Phædra*,
By *Phædra's* Madness, and by *Lycon's* Hatred.

Yet with my Life I expiate my Frenzy,
And dye for thee, my Headlong Rage destroy'd:
Thee I pursue, (oh great ill-fated Youth!)
Pursue thee still, but now with chaste Desires;
Thee thro' the dismal waste of gloomy Death;
Thee thro' th' glimm'ring Dawn, and purer Day,
Thro' all th' *Elysian* Plains: O righteous *Minos*!
Elysian Plains! There he and his *Ismena*
Shall sport for ever, shall for ever drink
Immortal Love; while I far off shall howl
In lonely Plains; while all the blackest Ghosts
Shrink from the baleful sight of one more monstrous,
And more accurst than they.

Thes. I too must go;
I too must once more see the burning Shoar
Of livid *Acheron* and black *Cocytus*,
Whence no *Alcides* will release me now.

Phæd. Then why this stay? come on, let's plunge together:
See Hell sets wide its Adamantine Gates,
See thro' the sable Gates the black *Cocytus*
In smoaky Circles rows its fiery Waves:
Hear, hear the stunning Harmonies of Woe,
The din of ratt'ling Chains, of clashing Whips,

Of Groans, of loud Complaints, of piercing Shrieks,
That wide thro' all its gloomy World resound.
How huge *Meğara* stalks! what streaming Fires
Blaze from her glaring Eyes! what Serpents curl
In horrid Wreaths, and hiss around her Head!
Now, now she drags me to the Bar of *Minos*.
See how the awful Judges of the Dead
Look stedfast hate, and horrible dismay!
See *Minos* turns away his loathing Eyes,
Rage choaks his struggling Words: The fatal Urm
Drops from his trembling Hand: O all ye Gods!
What, *Lycon* here! Oh execrable Villain!
Then am I still on Earth? By Hell I am,
A Fury now, a Scourge preserv'd for *Lycon*;
See the just Beings offer to my Vengeance
That impious Slave. Now, *Lycon*, for Revenge;
Thanks, Heav'n, 'tis here.——I'll steal it to his Heart.

[*Mistaking Theseus for Lycon, offers to stab him.*]

Guards. Heav'ns! 'tis your Lord.

Phæd. My Lord! O equal Heav'n!

Must each portentous Moment rise in Crimes,
And sallying Life go off in Parricide?
Then trust not thy flow Drugs. Thus sure of Death
[*Stabs her self.*]

Compleat thy Horrors.——And if this suffice not,
Thou, *Minos*, do the rest.

Thes. At length she's quiet,
And Earth now bears not such a Wretch as *Theseus*;
Yet I'll obey *Hippolitus*, and live:
Then to the Wars; and as the *Corybantines*,
With clashing Shields, and braying Trumpets drown'd
The Cryes of Infant-*Jove*.——I'll stifle Conscience,
And Nature's Murmurs in the din of Arms.
But what are Arms to me? Is he not dead
For whom I fought? for whom my hoary Age
Glow'd with the boiling Heat of Youth in Battle?
How then to drag a wretched Life beneath,
An endless round of still returning Woes,

And

And all the gnawing Pangs of vain Remorse.
 What Torment's this?—Therefore, O greatly thought!
 Therefore do Justice on thy self,—and live;
 Live above all most infinitely wretched.

Ismena too——Nay, then avenging Heav'n

Ismena Enters.

Has vented all its Rage.—O wretched Maid!

Why dost thou come to swell my raging Grief?

Why add to Sorrows, and embitter'd Woes?

Why do thy mournful Eyes upbraid my Guilt?

Why thus recal to my afflicted Soul

The sad Remembrance of my God-like Son,

Of that dear Youth my Cruelty has ruin'd?

Ism. Ruin'd!—O all ye Powers! O awful *Theſeus*!

Say, where's my Lord? say, where has Fate dispos'd him?

Oh speak! the Fear distracts me.

Theſ. Gods! Can I speak?

Can I declare his Fate to his *Ismena*?

Oh lovely Maid! Cou'dst thou admit of Comfort,

Thou shou'dst for ever be my only Care,

Work of my Life, and Labour of my Soul.

For thee alone, my Sorrows lull'd, shall cease;

Cease for a while to mourn my murder'd Son:

For thee alone my Sword once more shall rage,

Restore the Crown of which it robb'd your Race:

Then let your Grief give way to Thoughts of Empire;

At thy own *Athens* reign. The happy Crowd

Beneath thy easie Yoke with Pleasure bow,

And think in thee their own *Minerva* reigns.

Ism. Must I then reign? nay, must I live without him?

Not so, oh Godlike Youth! you lov'd *Ismena*;

You, for her sake, refus'd the *Cretan* Empire,

And yet a nobler Gift, the Royal *Phædra*.

Shall I then take a Crown, a guilty Crown,

From the relentless Hand that doom'd thy Death?

Oh! 'tis in Death alone I can have Ease,

And thus I find it.

[Offers to stab her self.

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. O forbear *Ismena*!

For-

Forbear, chaste Maid, to wound thy tender Bosom;
Oh Heav'n and Earth! shou'd she resolve to die,
And snatch all Beauty from the widdow'd Earth?
Was it for me, ye Gods, she'd fall a Victim?
Was it for me she'd dye? O heav'nly Virgin!
See, see thy own *Hippolitus*, who lives,
And hopes to live for thee.

Ism. Hippolitus!

Am I alive or dead? Is this *Elysium*?
'Tis he, 'tis all *Hippolitus*——Ar't well?
Ar't thou not wounded?

Thes. Oh unhop'd for Joy!

Stand off, and let me fly into his Arms.
Speak, say what God, what Miracle preserv'd thee?
Did'st thou not strike thy Father's cruel Present,
My Sword, into thy Breast?

Hip. I aim'd it there,
But turn'd it from my self, and slew *Cratander*;
The Guards, not trusted with his fatal Orders,
Granted my Wish, and brought me to the King:
I fear'd not Death, but cou'd not bear the Thought
Of *Theseus* Sorrow, and *Ismena's* Loss;
Therefore I hasten'd to your Royal Presence,
Here to receive my Doom.

Thes. Be this thy Doom,
To live for ever in *Ismena's* Arms.
Go, heav'nly Pair, and with your daz'ling Vertues,
Your Courage, Truth, your Innocence and Love,
Amaze and charm Mankind; and rule that Empire,
For which in vain your Rival Fathers fought.

Ism. Oh killing Joy!

Hip. Oh Extasie of Blifs!
Am I possess'd at last of my *Ismena*?
Of that Cœlestial Maid, oh pitying Gods!
How shall I thank your Bounties for my Suff'rings,
For all my Pains, and all the Pangs I've born?
Since 'twas to them I owe divine *Ismena*,
To them I owe the dear Consent of *Theseus*.

Yet

Yet there's a Pain lies heavy on my Heart,
For the disastrous Fate of hapless *Phædra*.

Thes. Deep was her Anguish, for the Wrongs she did you
She chose to dye, and in her Death deplor'd
Your Fate, and not her own.

Hip. I've heard it all.

O! had not Passion fully'd her Renown,
None e'er on Earth had shone with equal Lustre;
So glorious liv'd, or so lamented dy'd.
Her Faults were only Faults of raging Love,
Her Vertues all her own.

Ism. Unhappy *Phædra*!

Was there no other Way, ye pitying Pow'rs,
No other Way to crown *Ismena's* Love?
Then must I ever mourn her cruel Fate,
And in the midst of my triumphant Joy,
Ev'n in my Hero's Arms confess some Sorrow.

Thes. O tender Maid! forbear with ill-tim'd Grief,
To damp our Blessings, and incense the Gods;
But let's away, and pay kind Heav'n our Thanks
For all the Wonders in our Favour wrought;
That Heav'n, whose Mercy rescu'd erring *Thesens*
From execrable Crimes, and endless Woes.
Then learn from me, ye Kings that rule the World,
With equal poize, let steady Justice sway,
And flagrant Crimes with certain Vengeance pay,
But till the Proofs are clear the Stroak delay.

Hip. The righteous Gods that Innocence require,
Protect the Goodness which themselves inspire;
Unguarded Vertue human Arts defies,
Th' Accus'd is happy, while th' Accuser dyes.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the Fifth Act.

F I N I S.

Smith, Edmund

Phaedra and Hippolitus A Tragedy

London [ca. 1710]

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